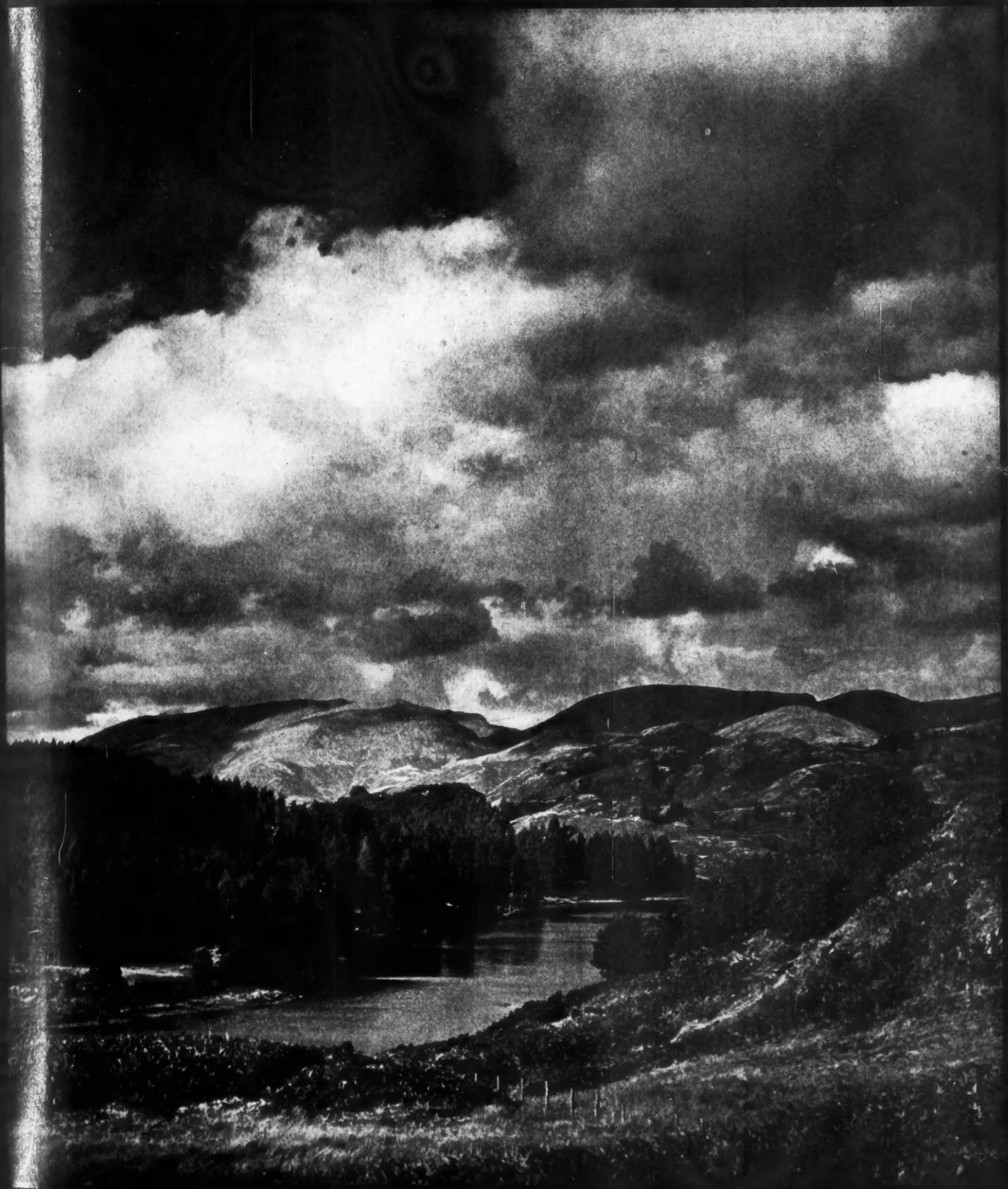


COUNTRY LIFE

EBRUARY

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COUNTRY LIFE—FEBRUARY 20, 1948

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COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. CIII No. 2666

FEBRUARY 20, 1948



Bassano

THE HONOURABLE JULIANA CURZON

The Honourable Juliana Curzon is the third daughter of Viscount Scarsdale, of Kedleston, Derby

COUNTRY LIFE

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THE DEDICATION SCHEME

THE plan by which private owners are asked to dedicate their woodlands for all time to the growing of timber has been debated for some years between the Forestry Commissioners, the Royal Forestry Societies and the Central Landowners' Association, and its outlines are by now generally understood. Owners of large estates, at any rate, have given the scheme sympathetic consideration—it is perhaps well to remember that the final alternative to dedication is expropriation—and the Minister of Agriculture was able to announce during the discussions in Parliament last year that 590 owners had offered seriously to consider coming into the fold, bringing with them total holdings of about 329,500 acres, of which about a third were in Scotland. The latest figure for actual private planting carried out with the assistance offered by the scheme is given in last year's annual report of the Commissioners as 153,558 acres, though this, it should be remembered, refers only to the autumn of 1946. In any case, though the early response these figures indicate is not unpromising, they are small compared with the two million acres of woodlands in private ownership, and, long-term though the thoughts of silviculturists may be, it is evident that the sooner the assistance which the scheme is designed to give to owners—who admittedly are in no position to restore their shattered woodlands without it—can be made generally and generously available the less will be the danger of prolonged deterioration, and the earlier will new planting be set afoot.

From this point of view the Forestry Commission's new booklet *The Dedication of Woodlands: Principles and Procedure* (H.M.S.O., 1s.), which gives a clear and coherent account of the detailed scheme in its final form, with copies of all the pertinent legal documents, was badly wanted, and will be most useful to owners. Information, however, is not all that is needed, and even at this stage the Government would be well advised to consider once more whether they can do nothing more practical to encourage owners and to resolve their very natural doubts. The grants offered were defended in both Houses as being experimental and open to revision in the light of experience. This argument would carry more conviction if the offers were more realistic. As it is, owners who are offered a planting grant of £10 an acre, and 15 years' maintenance grant of 3s. 4d., have to remember that in Scotland before the war an experienced landowner planting softwoods on a large scale found the exact cost to be £14 an acre, that at Haslemere in 1942-45 it proved to be £25 an acre and that a reliable estimate of the minimum cost of oak planting made three years ago amounted to £35 per acre. To-day all such

costs, which depend so largely on the price of labour, are very much higher. It is hardly strange that owners should doubt whether they could carry out their obligations under the Covenant and hesitate to pledge their woodlands in perpetuity. They might well, on the other hand, view things in a much more rosy light if adequate machinery were provided for fixing prices for standing timber, and if the Government would accept the principle that timber prices—like the prices of agricultural produce—should be directly related to current costs of production. Without an agreed price structure the covenanted five-yearly revision of grants must seem to many owners something of a mockery.

There are two other directions in which owners might be encouraged and reassured. Forestry cannot be carried on without adequate supplies of labour, and the Government can do much by making it clear that the necessary housing facilities and priorities will be granted. The other direction in which a move should be

THE HORSE 1EN

OUT of a forest glade there came
Three riders, stark against the sun,
Which touched them with a singing flame;
I saw the horses' muscles run
With glancing light, their silky manes
Were cloudy water shot with gold,
And lovely legendary names
Swam through my mind, and to my tongue
Sprang words as fountains, tales once told
Of past worlds, beautiful and young.
I saw the horsemen swiftly ride
Magnificent in poise and pride
Into the trees and from my sight,
And when the drum of hoofs had died
The splendid songs no more were sung,
The glint had gone out of the light.

DOUGLAS GIBSON.

made is in making clearer the rôle to be played by the Commissioners. The dedication scheme seeks generally to confer the advantages of State expert direction upon all the woodlands of the country, and at the same time to assist owners to farm their very long-term crops efficiently. But under the terms of the Covenant the Commission does not undertake to give advice and there is little indication of what assistance the owner may expect. Unfortunately, past experience of the Commission has led private foresters to anticipate attempts at dictation rather than harmonious co-operation, and it would be a distinct gain if the Minister would give as detailed an explanation of the Commission's intentions as he has done in the somewhat parallel case of the National Agricultural Advisory Service.

NOT-SO-PUBLIC RELATIONS!

AS the process of nationalisation is extended there is already noticeable in the Councils, Corporations and Boards to which is committed the control of an increasing range of activities a certain modesty, becoming to débutantes no doubt but unsuited to a democratic state in the old-fashioned sense. The Minister of Transport has lately informed Members that Parliament is no longer a forum for discussing matters pertaining to the Transport Board, a ruling that similarly debars coal and electricity from public inquisitiveness. The custom is growing for local government Councils to commit their extended responsibilities to a General Purposes or other Committee not open to reporting by the Press (often just at the moment when proceedings are becoming interesting). Now the President and Secretary of the Institute of Journalists have drawn attention to the differing attitude of the new regional hospital boards to permitting the attendance of the Press at meetings. Some observe the general instructions of the Ministry of Health that "admission should be given" to reporters; others do not. The "hand-outs" of public relations officers are no substitute for the verbatim reports of proceedings that were available, through the Press, in the old days of "private" enterprise. The tendency to secretive-

ness is one that must be watched by all who understand what the term "a Corporate State" implies.

MOSQUITO ERADICATION

AN account has just been given in *Nature*, by Dr. J. R. Busvine, of some recent attempts to exterminate—instead of merely controlling—the malaria-bearing mosquitoes of large territories. Campaigns to eradicate *Aedes ægypti*, the yellow-fever mosquito, and *Anopheles gambiae*, the dangerous African malaria carrier, have been entirely successful in Brazil. Both these mosquitoes are comparatively restricted in their choice of breeding sites to places in, or close to, the haunts of man, a fact which made the Brazilian problems simpler than they might have been. The difficulties, however, were many, and the success of an elaborate organisation of small armies of "larviciders," "checkers" and "scouts" so successful as to provide a model for all later schemes. Two of these have now been undertaken in Cyprus and Sardinia, where not only are the species of mosquitoes attacked indigenous, but they breed in sites remote from human habitations, and are quite ready to feed on mammals other than man. The formidable difficulties are apparently balanced by the use of the powerful new synthetic insecticides, and the fact that both areas are islands. The Sardinian project was begun with a survey of the island in 1946, and was directed by a British, American and Italian headquarters staff. Chief reliance was placed on the destruction of larvæ, which, as in Cyprus, is being done with nothing more than a litre of 5 per cent. D.D.T. solution per day and a hand atomising gun.

BRADMAN IS COMING

ALL things come to an end, and some day, alas! an Australian team must come here without the illustrious Don Bradman; but it is good news that that day has not dawned yet. He has announced that he is ready to come here this summer, and that after that he will retire from cricket. If that resolution be carried out, then we in this country shall have the sad enjoyment of this very great cricketer's swan song. He has been as prolific in runs as ever during the last few months, and the Indians have felt the full scourge of his bat in their test matches in Australia. In the last match of all Bradman seemed set for yet another big score, when he hurt himself and had to retire, but we may hope that this is but a momentary disablement. Comparison between great players of different generations are unsatisfactory and often futile, but it may at least be said that in a regular profusion of runs he has never been excelled. He has all W.G.'s untiring determination to go on from one hundred to another. With him the appetite for runs comes in the eating, and already the Worcestershire bowlers may be looking forward at once with welcome and apprehension to the first match of the tour.

WELL SINGES THU, CUCCU

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH described in a letter how her brother had spent several hours in searching for an epithet for the cuckoo. A number of inhabitants of the Northstead area of Scarborough must lately have been searching for suitable epithets for a corporation road-cleaner in their neighbourhood, who has been inducing them to believe that they had heard a January cuckoo. This gentleman, Mr. Hezekiah Johnson by name, is as bold as brass about his ventriloquial feat. He says that he waits until a crowd has gathered at the bus-stop and then "I go into the park near by and do the cuckoo." He used apparently to render the nightingale likewise, but in the absence of his dentures this is beyond him. Mr. Johnson is to be congratulated on his accomplishment and his pleasant little joke, but the story of the man who cried "Wolf, wolf" must be remembered. When April comes we are all agog to hear the first cuckoo "ope his bill," and are much excited when we do. Now we shall regard his song with a cynical suspicion. "O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird, or but a wandering corporation road-cleaner?"

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By
Major C. S. JARVIS

AS the writer of *A Countryman's Notes*, I am held more or less responsible by some readers of *COUNTRY LIFE* for almost everything that appears in its pages. As a case in point, I might mention the cover photograph of the issue of December 26, 1947, which was a delightful picture of a pond in winter-time with moderately deep snow on the banks, and is the sort of view that one likes to look at in the tropics when the thermometer is registering over 100 degrees. Now a correspondent has written to me and asked me what animal it was that made the tracks in the snow which are very obvious in the foreground of the picture.

There are two sets of tracks, and one of them is without question the footprints of the bird one would expect to find near water: our old friend, the moorhen, or "black plover" as he is now called in all dining-rooms and restaurants. The other tracks are those of a small animal, and they cannot have been made by a fox since they are too clumsy in outline and too close together. I do not think they are the tracks of the otter, because there are no signs of marks left by the tail, which is usual with this animal, and, moreover, they do not look like otter tracks. I am nearly certain that a badger is not responsible, so what was the mysterious and rare animal that walked across the snow in the foreground of the picture?

* * *

I AM sorry to disappoint my correspondent, but the photograph was taken at West Drayton, Middlesex, and I do not think we can envisage either the pine marten or the Highland wild cat so near London. I think the only explanation is, seeing that dogs have to put up with a lot from their masters, even such a ridiculous thing as photography on a freezing cold day, that the poor old cocker spaniel, Sealyham or Scottie terrier who was accompanying his owner on the expedition, feeling bored to death with the whole futile proceeding, had walked across the foreground to the edge of the pond in the vain hope of finding something worth a dog's investigation. The depth of the tracks in the snow afford proof that he is suffering from depression and general lack of interest, and one can only hope that after the shutter had clicked his master took him on to a bramble patch where something calling for a dog's attention might be found.

* * *

IN the days of my extreme youth, when a hen was just a half-crown hen and practically every recipe in the cookery book started off as a matter of course with the sentence "Take six eggs," whether the dish really required the eggs or not, the most fashionable strain in the poultry world was the Plymouth Rock. Practically all the best people who were interested in two new-laid eggs for breakfast kept a small pen of these birds. The breed began to go out of fashion with the introduction of the Buff Orpington, which in course of time blotted her copy-book by her addiction to going broody too frequently. She was followed a decade or so later by the Rhode Island Red, which still heads the bill for general efficiency, though nearly every year some new and marvellous laying strain is evolved and put on the market. Among the many "new" poultry of recent years was a breed called the Light Holland Blue, which I met first in the year 1945, and when I saw the pen of them I imagined I had slipped back into my boyhood days, for, if the Light Holland Blue is not the old Plymouth Rock under another name, it is a most remarkable imitation of this old and once reliable breed.



John Erith

HONEST MUD

WITH a vague idea of reconstructing the past I bought a sitting of the eggs, and for the last three years have lived to regret it. Whatever may have happened to the strain during the period of its suspended animation, as the Army puts it, before it reappeared under a new name, the breeders responsible have undoubtedly bred right out of the bird the very small ration of brain which is the usual allowance of the average hen. In the interests of sanitation, and out of regard to the prevailing weather, I sometimes change the position of the feeding-trough in the hen run, and this departure from routine, which causes only some slight consternation and indecision among the Rhode Island Reds, has a shattering effect on the Holland Blues. For a fortnight at least they scurry down to the spot where the trough used to stand, and hold an indignation meeting about the lack of food until the lack of food is an accomplished fact.

* * *

I HAVE come to the conclusion also that the Holland Blue is hatched into this world with a marked suicide complex, since at the season of the year when the vixens have cubs and are particularly energetic in their search for food, the hens of this breed one after another decide that the poultry house is insufficiently-ventilated at night. They therefore choose as an alternative roosting site some very low branch which is immediately above the route which the vixen takes on her nightly ramblings, with the obvious result. This particular form of idiocy accounted for three of the flock, a fourth was killed by rats after she had selected their main highway as

the place for her "stolen-away" nest and the remaining two have just died of starvation.

This was in no way due to the shortage of food, but solely because of the special technique they adopted at meal-times. Immediately the trough was filled with mash the two Holland Blues would grab the largest lump of household waste they could find, and would sprint round the run with it in their beaks looking for a quiet corner in which to devour it in peace. This would continue for about five minutes, at the end of which the remainder of the flock, having consumed the last scrap of food in the trough, would look around for something in the nature of a savoury with which to end the meal. They would then notice the two Holland Blues, now in a state of complete exhaustion, making their fifty-first circle of the run in the vain search for the quiet corner, and the result was always a foregone conclusion. At athletic sports one does not expect the man who has just run the mile in four and a half minutes to put up much of a show in the 100 yards sprint. When I picked up the bodies of the two hens the other day there was not a scrap of flesh on them.

A battalion of my regiment on its return from the Far East a month or so ago went into "suspended animation" and, seeing the effect that disappearance from all mortal ken has had on the Plymouth Rock chicken, I am feeling rather worried about it. In the past this battalion had the reputation of being rather above the average as regards intelligence and general efficiency. It would be most distressing if, when they are reformed after their period of oblivion, it is found that they are too silly to eat.

LIBRARY OF THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN

ARCHIVES AT MALTA

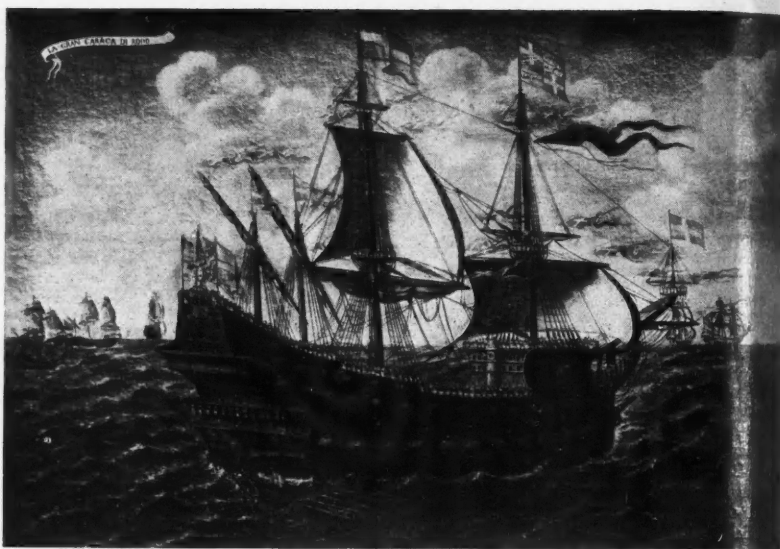
By AVERIL MACKENZIE-GRIEVE

ONE of the finest and certainly one of the most fascinating collections of manuscripts, incunabulae and books in the British Empire lies comparatively disregarded in Valetta's 18th-century library.

It is true that the Royal Malta Library is accorded its just historic value by the few students and historians of the Order of the Knights of St. John who have carried out original research there, but it is also true that for decades the successive Maltese librarians have been fully conscious of a totally inadequate staff and of the need for expert help in deciphering hundreds of the historic manuscripts in their charge. After nearly 150 years of British rule, the 10,000 manuscripts covering the 12th to the 19th centuries and containing the complete archives of the great Order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem are still unclassified, and 2,000 of them have never even been read, since neither the British nor the local Maltese Government has been willing—or indeed interested enough—to sanction and pay for the appointment of mediaevalists and palaeographers to decipher these unique documents.

Within recent months, however, there have been promising indications of a revision of the library's position, and hopes have arisen that a thorough review of the situation will lead to an adequate provision of staff and funds for the study and maintenance of its records and archives.

The Royal Malta Library has had an unbroken history for 400 years. When the Knights of St. John were driven in turn from Palestine and Rhodes, losing the greater part of their property, they took the greatest care to preserve their charters and archives. From 1523 to 1529, they sailed up and down the Mediterranean coast, fruitlessly seeking a permanent base from which to carry



1.—THE GRAND CARRACK OF THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN. Built in the 15th century, she brought the Knights to Malta

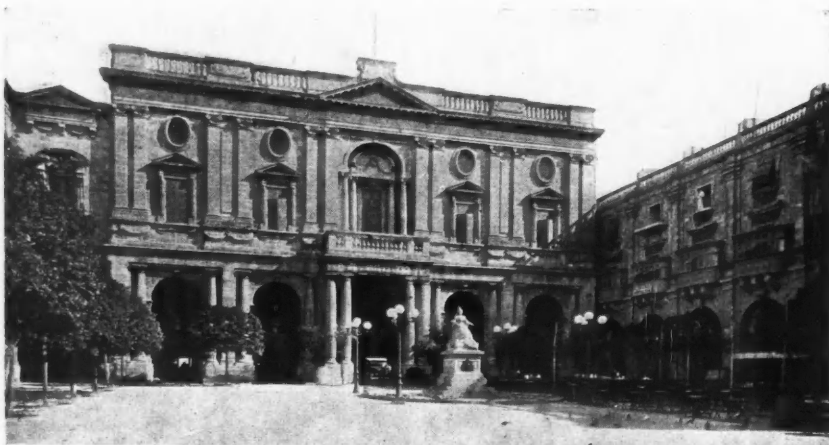
on their war against the Moslems and carrying their muniments with them. In the library to-day are minutes of the councils and meetings which they held in Italian and French ports and, finally, on board the Grand Carrack itself (Fig. 1). Eventually, in 1530 the Emperor, Charles V, granted to the Order the islands of Malta and Gozo, and the Grand Master and his Knights brought their archives intact to their new home.

Within twenty-five years of their establishment in Malta, the Knights held a General Chapter, which enacted the foundation of a library in which the books of deceased Knights should be deposited. It appears, however, that nearly fifty years passed and the library remained only a proposal, since, in 1649, we find Fra Luca Buenos, Prior of the Church of St. John, petitioning the Grand Master and the Council to give effect to the Statute passed in 1612 to prevent the sale of the books of dead Knights and urging the necessity of a communal library. His petition was successful and by 1650 the foundation of the present library was laid. The original library was first housed in an annexe of the Conventual Church of St. John, and later in a hall especially built for it.

In 1760 the Order inherited a valuable library which had belonged to Cardinal Portocarrero, Grand Prior of Rome (Fig. 5). This was bought from the Common Treasury of the Order by Fra Guerin de Tencin, a Bailiff of the Order resident in Malta, who, three years later, presented all his books—9,700 volumes—to the Library of St. John, on the condition that they should be merged into one *Biblioteca Pubblica*. This already magnificent library was further enriched by rare editions in exquisite bindings presented by Louis XV, who also granted the Order the Royal privilege of receiving gift copies of all the new French publications *Ex Typographia Regia*.

Twice again the library had to be moved to accommodate its increasing bulk, until, in 1776, the present library (Figs. 2 and 3) building was begun. Fortunately it was built with the intention of accommodating also the *Conservatoria* of the Knights and the Mint, so that, to-day, the books are handsomely and spaciouly housed.

As time passed, legacies from Grand Masters, Bailiffs, Priors and Knights successively swelled the library. From the Hospitaller Order of St. Antoine de Viennois came a superb legacy of illuminated manuscripts dating from the 13th to the 15th centuries. This collection included the now famous 15th-century *Life of St. Anthony the Abbot*, decorated by Master Robin Forner, of Avignon (Figs. 6 and 7). Here, in 200 parchment leaves the artist has broken clean away from the tradition of his contemporary illuminators.



2.—FACADE OF THE ROYAL MALTA LIBRARY. It was begun in 1776, and the building escaped damage during the recent war



3.—INTERIOR OF THE MAIN READING-ROOM

(Left) 4.—COMMENDATORE GIOVAN FRANCESCO ABELA, THE MALTESE HISTORIAN. (Right) 5.—CARDINAL PORTOCARRERO. IN 1760 HIS LIBRARY PASSED TO THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN. Portraits in the Royal Malta Library

are the signed bull and letters in which Henry VIII proclaimed himself Supreme Head of the Church of England and Protector of the Order of St. John, and his right to confiscate the Order's rich property within his domains. Thereafter the Inn of the English Knights ceased to exist and, for a time, there was no communication between the British Sovereigns and the Grand Masters in Valetta. Then we find Philip and Mary renewing the Order's right to its Irish property and a few applications by Englishmen for admission to the Anglo-Bavarian Inn, among whom was a Fortescue and a Somerset. Later, however, when the Grand Masters ranked with the ruling Sovereigns of Europe, the British changed their attitude and the archives contain a series of courteous letters signed by Charles II, Queen Anne and the two first Georges.

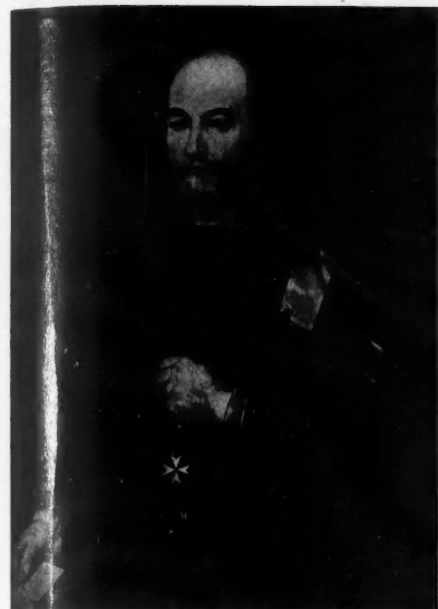
In addition to the complete minutes of the Order's Councils and Chapters dating from the 12th century, there are the 3,000 Proofs of Nobility of the Continental Knights which furnish a frank and intimate record of nearly every great aristocratic family of Catholic Europe; the detailed records of the world-famous Sacred Infirmary of the Hospitallers; reports of the Orders, voyages and naval engagements by the Generals of the Galleys, and the fascinating volumes of diplomatic and Court correspondence which contain quantities of letters not only signed, but often written by the kings and queens themselves. These seven folios evoke a whole pageant of history. There is the semi-formal 16th-century State correspondence of Ferdinand of Hungary, that of two centuries of Austrian Emperors, of François Premier and Catherine de Medici, of Russian Emperors and Empresses, and many more besides. There are, too, touchy letters in crabbed English handwriting from Charles II's Admiral Narborough, watering H.M. ships in the Grand Harbour, on the delicate matter of salutes, and a charming and seductive note from Marie Antoinette cajoling the Grand Master into receiving the son of a French courtier, whose family tree and quarterings would fail to fulfil the strict requirements of the Order. Such letters as these fill out and clothe the dry

bones of history, transforming for us the famous names into sentient human beings. This unique collection of letters has never been seriously studied; nor have the letters been translated or indexed.

The most discerning of the knightly bibliophiles left some superb incunabulae, including *Moralia Sancti Gregorii* (1475) and the lovely Pigouchet edition of the *Heures à l'Usage de Rome* (1479), while nearly all, wealthy and cultured as they were, had their books exquisitely bound and blazoned and often decorated with delicate fore-edge paintings (Figs. 8-13).

In 1798 the number of books and manuscripts in the library had reached 80,000. Then Napoleon invaded the island and the rule of the Knights ended. To the French "citizens," 16th-century Valetta, Jean Parisot de la Valette's "City built by Gentlemen for Gentlemen," was the embodiment of all they had sworn to destroy. Throughout France they had killed the aristocrats, defaced escutcheons, destroyed all traces of nobility, and so it should be in Malta, the stronghold of half the nobility of Christendom. Therefore, when the Treasury had been robbed and the valuables of the Order looted to help to defray the costs of Napoleon's Egyptian campaign, the French turned their attention to the library and especially to the archives of the Knights. Napoleon had given his orders: all documents in any way concerning the Order were to be burned.

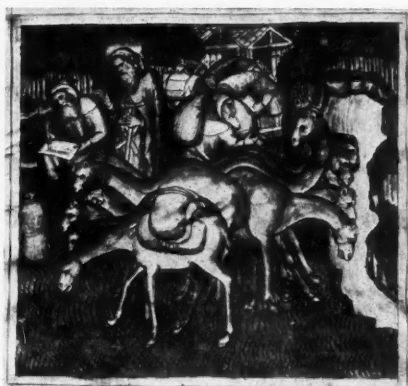
It is owing to the prompt ingenuity of the secretary of the Chancellor of the Order that the archives survive to-day. With unerring instinct he appealed to the invaders' cupidity by warning them that, in destroying the archives of the Order and the proofs of nobility of its members, they would also be destroying many rich title-deeds to property scattered throughout Europe. "Find them for us," the French replied, "and we will burn the rest," but the secretary retorted that many of the deeds were written



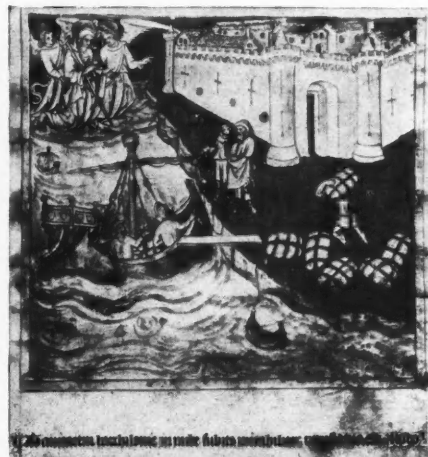
Against a clear vermillion background he has set his grisaille figures, no dead and stylised forms interwoven with flower and leaf patterns but human beings living out their lives and their dramas on the emerald-green grass of his imagination.

It is a unique work and one of the greatest treasures of the library. But, for an Englishman there is, perhaps, a particular interest in the 14th-century report of the English Prior, Philip de Thame, which the Knights must have brought with them to Malta in the Grand Carrack; in the *Booke of Deliberations of the Venerable Langue of England*, 1524-1559, which is being made the subject of a monograph by the recently retired librarian, Chevalier Hannibal Scicluna; and in the scattered personal references to the English Knights, whose very triviality help us to recreate them. There is, of course, the famous Sir Oliver Starkey, who came with the Knights to Malta, served as Secretary to the Grand Master de l'Isle Adam, wrote his epitaph and is buried near him in the crypt of the Conventual Church of St. John—Sir Oliver with his position of honour and his fine, solid house which still survives in Vittoriosa. But our heart goes out to another 16th-century Knight, poor John Aylmer, who was "thought by the whole tonge [of England] not to be hable to make his Caravan beinge not a man of curage as other men of that noble nacion be." And, indeed, it needed "curage" to face one of the compulsory caravans or cruises in a war galley, 150 feet long and 40 feet wide, which in addition to its slaves at the oars, thirty or so full Knights, several caravans and five hundred soldiers, had to carry livestock and provisions for three months.

There remain, however, but few records of the English Knights beyond those mentioned, and a list of the English, Scottish and Irish noblemen who joined the Order in the years between 1520 to 1587. Among the library's most precious MSS.



6 and 7.—PAGES FROM THE 15th-CENTURY LIFE OF ST. ANTHONY THE ABBOT—ILLUMINATED BY MASTER ROBIN FORNER, OF AVIGNON





(Left and right) 8 and 10.—BINDINGS WITH THE ARMS OF GRAND MASTERS HUGUES DE LOUBEUX VERDALA (1582-1595) AND RAMON PERELLOS Y ROCCAFUL (1697-1720). (Middle) 9.—BOOKS WITH FORE-EDGE PAINTINGS

on the backs of manuscripts dealing with other matters, or embedded in the closely written—and to them entirely illegible—folios. The French decided, therefore, to postpone destruction until proper and thorough examination could be made. But Napoleon's forces were soon beleaguered in the Knights' fortress by Nelson's fleet, and after a two years' siege they surrendered. Fortunately, they had had no time to examine the archives.

And so to-day the famous library, with its wealth of still unexplored documents, survives intact. For many years it has been under the loving and informed care of the Chevalier Scicluna, who has recently retired in favour of Dom Maurus Inguanez, formerly of Monte Cassino.

In the early autumn of 1938 Chevalier Scicluna returned from a visit to Germany, feeling certain that the library would once

again be threatened. Forthwith he began to make his plans for the safe storage of the manuscripts and books. Thus it was that they were all removed to comparative safety in the vaults and cellars before the great attack on Malta began.

To-day Valetta is battle-scarred and gravely damaged. Whole streets of houses, churches, palaces and the great hospital built by Knights lie ruined by the 4,000 air raids which the Maltese and the British endured. But the gracious 18th-century façade of the Royal Malta Library still faces its sunlit square beside the bomb-torn palace and on the shelves are all but one of its 300,000 books and manuscripts, and that one was a transcript of a manuscript which was eaten by rats.

In 1937 a provision of £300 was voted to initiate the indexing of the manuscripts. The work had to be suspended, however, at the

outbreak of war in 1939. By then a total of forty-five manuscripts, covering the years 1770-1798, had been indexed, which gives the layman some idea of the magnitude of the task involved. It is unlikely that this valuable work will be resumed unless a competent and adequately paid staff is appointed. That any scholars were induced to undertake this highly specialised work at all was due to their enthusiasm for the task, and not to its emoluments, since they were offered a salary of £150 per annum.

It is greatly to be hoped, therefore, that students from British universities will be encouraged to carry out research work in the Malta Library and that the librarian will be provided with more assistance, for only thus can Britain adequately fulfil her responsibility towards the library of the Knights and demonstrate her recognition of its value as part of our European cultural heritage.



11, 12 and 13.—FINE 18th-CENTURY BINDINGS. The arms, left to right, are those of Grand Masters Manuel de Vilhena (1722-30), Manuel Pinto de Fonseca (1741-73) and Emmanuel de Rohan (1775-97)

DISPLAY OF THE ARCTIC SKUA

By RICHARD PERRY

ON an afternoon towards the end of April a strange cry rings out over a small island on the east coast of Shetland. Twice more I hear it, but still cannot trace its origin. And then two couples of big dark birds, as sharply cut in silhouette against the sky as terns, come swooping and falling headlong over the steep of the island. Again the cry rings out wildly—*ayer-yah, ayer-yah*—and the first homing arctic skuas dive down to a small corrie. One couple take up their position on a little hillock and couch down in the hot sun. They are a little shy in their new environment, and, when I rise from my place seventy yards distant, one of the pair makes a little flight, but on my lying down again relaxes and drinks from a drain, before settling down twenty yards from its companion. It is a trim petrel-like bird with exceedingly long wings, and handsomely plumaged a uniform sooty-brown (Fig. 3); its mate is a rather paler shade of brown with a dark cap.

The third bird of the four—another uniformly dusky individual—settles on a grassy mound a hundred yards distant. For a long while nothing exciting happens and there is no sign of the fourth skua. And then, after an hour's interval, the solitary one is joined by a beautiful bird with dazzling white neck and underparts (Fig. 1). This one is more active than the other three, which just sit quietly on their

into what appears to be a cataleptic state, leaning sideways on stiff unflexed legs, allowing herself to be blown about by the wind and falling about in an extravagant manner with wings rocking to one side or the other. One is reminded of the hunted rabbit's partial paralysis in the presence of a stoat.

What can suddenly have induced this extraordinary state on the thirty-first day after her return to her breeding-grounds? After about half an hour's search I find a warm olive-brown egg lying on a little round of dead bents in the long grass. The round of bents is just laid flat on the ground and no attempt has been made to hollow it out. The next morning she has completed her clutch with a second egg, though some birds did not lay their second egg until the third or fourth day. Most of the skuas indulged in this strange behaviour, with varying degrees of extravagance, on the day the first egg was laid, some not until a later stage in incubation, a few not at all. So far as the human intruder was concerned this behaviour served an exactly opposite purpose to that of luring him away from the nest. I never found the eggs of three pairs which did not indulge thus, but found all the rest.

Twenty-six days after the laying of the first egg the white male swooped down on me when I was forty yards distant from the nest, without, however, smacking me with his hanging feet, and there on the bents, just free of its shell, its purplish hair barely covering its raw-pink skin, was my first arctic skua nestling (Fig. 2). The next morning, when its fellow had also hatched, the nestling had dried off into a velvety blackish-brown down of a peculiarly silky mole-like texture. It was already two feet out of the nest, for as soon as a skua nestling gained sufficient strength its main objective was to get out of the nest and away from its fellow, and thirty-six hours after the first nestling had hatched the two were never to be found together in the nest.

Just as most skuas feigned injury on the day the first egg was laid, so as a general rule it could be taken that when they attacked me they had newly-hatched young, though some desultory mobbing began before the end of incubation and nearly half the pairs in the colony never mobbed me at all. I was rarely actually struck before



3.—THE DARK FORM OF THE ARCTIC SKUA

the hatching stage. However, mobbing reached its peak of intensity during the first ten days of this stage. It varied, of course, in degree and persistence from one bird to another, but three or four were extremely severe, and there was one female in particular which never gave me a day's peace from the beginning of June until the end of July, when her young ones had been on the wing for some days. Throughout this period her attacks were continuous so long as I was within fifty yards of her nest. Stooping at me head-on at my first approaching, she would smack my head with her hanging feet in passing, swoop up almost vertically, turn, stoop and smack me from behind; pass on, swoop up, turn, stoop and smack me head-on; and continue to do this indefinitely, with an occasional side-attack thrown in by way of variation. She never drew blood with those small stinging webbed feet of hers, but the cumulative effect of stinging smack after smack on head and ears was intolerable physically, and even more intolerable was the nervous suspense of waiting for the severe smack that would inevitably follow that menacing whip-crack of feet swung down with incredible force—sufficient to lift a beret clean off one's head. To spend more than a minute or two in search for her crouching young was a torment.

Once the nestling skuas reached the age of ten days I had the greatest difficulty in finding them in their solitary lairs in the long grass, and to keep accurate record of them it was essential to ring them as soon as possible after the ninth day. It was during the first ten days that eighty per cent. of the casualties among the young occurred. Such evidence as was available suggested that these casualties were mainly due to the adult skuas, which attacked the nestlings of neighbouring pairs that wandered into their territories, which were very crowded, since as many as ten pairs occupied an area of some seven acres. Between twenty-eight and thirty-two days after hatching, the young skuas fledge, getting on the wing for a two-minute flight, terminating in a tumbling landing. For the past three weeks their parents have been deserting them for considerable periods, and when they begin to fledge a new cry is heard on the island, an incessant hunger-cry, an unforgettable, plaintive, mewing *wiv-wiv-wiv-wiv-wow* proceeding from those groups of four or five fledglings gathered together for company. Their parents are feeding them less regularly, and the fledglings dance frenziedly before them, waving spread wings, hollowed so that the primary tips touch the ground. Finally, when the young are seven or eight weeks old, the parents stop feeding them altogether, and they begin hawking out over the sea, stooping at kittiwakes and young herring-gulls and chasing rock pipits. And one morning in the middle of August I notice that some parents and their young are missing from their territories. I never see them actually leave the island, but all have disappeared by the end of the first week of September. The thirty-one breeding pairs of adults have reared between twenty-four and twenty-eight young.



1.—AN ARCTIC SKUA OF THE LIGHT FORM

mounds, and peck about in the grass, occasionally chasing insects with little runs and hops as a wagtail might do. Later four more skuas flight into the corrie, and in twos and threes these long-winged pirates, dark as swifts, chase one another over corrie and moor at breakneck speed, with lightning turns and sixty-foot vertical climbs and stoops, before alighting in their territories, throwing back their heads and uttering their joyous *ayer-yah, ayer-yah*.

In all, about a dozen skuas had returned to their breeding-grounds by nightfall. Day by day their numbers increased, and by the end of May nearly forty pairs had taken up their territories on the island. When, on a morning towards the end of the month, one dusky bird behaves in a very curious manner on my approaching the nesting colony, which she shares with nine other pairs, some uniformly sooty-brown or brown, other beautifully blazoned with pure white necks and underparts, then I know that the purpose for which she returned to this particular little island from her Atlantic wanderings has been fulfilled. When I have approached to within twenty-five yards of her territory she sits back on her long spiked tail and thrashes her spread wings on the ground unstably, to the accompaniment of an anguished screaming. Then she runs crouched along the ground, staggering about with waving wings fully extended, while her white-breasted mate tears up heather with his beak, and passes finally



2.—NEWLY HATCHED: A NESTLING ARCTIC SKUA BESIDE AN EGG

ENGLISH FLOWER PRINTS

By CYRIL BRUYN ANDREWS

FLOWER prints, mostly extracted from botanical works, appear in the most unexpected places. They decorate the panels of a Tudor hall, and add distinction to a chromium-plated dining-room. Few book- or print-shops are without them, sometimes half hidden in the doorways of Charing Cross Road, sometimes in large clusters in the more cared-for windows of Bond Street. Their variety is endless, from the flashing peony, demanding attention even from the top of a bus, to the modest wild flower in a tray of sixpenny prints.

The 17th, 18th and 19th centuries brought many changes in the kinds of flower prints produced. They absorbed the outlook of their age, but lurking in the background was always their naïve realism. In the 17th century the herbals show a hint of heraldry, a formal beauty reminiscent of the fleur-de-lys. In the 18th century there was an increasing self-consciousness: artists were inclined to make their flower plates into pictures; and in the 19th century naïvety returned, the realism of the countryside.

It is difficult to emerge from a voluminous herbal of the 17th century when one has taken the plunge; the dingy old leather binding and the great size of the book are a little forbidding, but, inside, each woodcut sparkles. The title itself compels you to go on—*The Herbal or General Historie of Plantes Gathered by John Gerarde of London (1597), very much enlarged and amended by Thomas Johnson (1633)*. Such familiar nicknames as Speedwell, Snapdragon, St. John's Wort, Nightshade, Hare Bell greet you on nearly every page, and then you are

suddenly confronted by the Frankincense Tree. Design is seldom neglected. The formal beauty of the Floure-de-Luce one expects, but the stately formality of the Turnep Root comes as a surprise. There is every variety of treatment, each suited to the particular plant—an "artistic" realism, anticipating a Morris wall-paper—the natural feathery beauty of the Impatient Lady Smocke. Only occasionally is there a background, such as the ducks, the pond, the moat and the castle in the Duck's Meate.

There is a plant to cure every complaint, physical, mental, emotional. Some deal with the most serious, the most horrible of maladies, others remove freckles or repress the vapours. Life from the cradle to the grave is completely catered for. One wonders what room there was for any drastic change in medical treatment. One wallows in the atmosphere of the 17th century.

The Georgian period saw many changes, but the Regency flamboyance that marked the end of the 18th century was not altogether a sudden growth; we can trace it back to Vanbrugh's swirling architecture. But as far as flower prints are concerned, the plates to *The Temple of Flora* (Fig. 1) were a climax and a triumph. It is fitting that many of the artists, from whose work the prints were made should have gone to the East for their subjects—the Indian lotus, the maggot-bearing stapelia. Against landscapes, appropriate but subordinate, the great luscious blooms and equally luscious leaves grew with an alarming robustness (even the English rose has a suggestion of



2.—BLUSH-COLOURED BEAR'S EAR (A FORM OF AURICULA). FROM A 17th-CENTURY HERBAL

the Orient) yet with a sturdy delicacy of their own. With the colour usually, but not always, vivid, there has been nothing like them before or since; they are masterpieces of sensuous realism. Their compelling power is stupendous; nothing, it seems, will stop their growth, as nothing, not even bankruptcy, stopped their publication.

In spite of their Eastern flavour they are in their own peculiar way essentially English. Like Tudor England, they absorbed foreign influences without yielding to them, and when the picture-making seems rather obtrusive, we have a very English dewdrop resting on a leaf or falling from a petal. A vegetable life force suddenly gives place to a delightful intimacy. *The Temple of Flora* must be seen to be believed.

We are only just beginning to appreciate the 19th century. Many have accused Victorian art of being soft, but the flower prints have a very distinct life of their own: they have a discreet, but by no means decayed, charm. As far as they were concerned, art did not stop short at the cultivated court of the Empress Josephine. Prejudice apart, the flower prints of the Victorian age will stand up in their own way to the flower prints of any other period.

The 19th century can claim the delightful Baxter *Gardener's Shed*, one of the few flower prints that were not made essentially for book illustration. It is in a sense derivative, but it is influenced by so much of the past that it ceases to be an imitation. In its simple sincerity so much is mingled; the spirit of the Dutch, of the French, of those rarer English 17th-century flower painters, have all been absorbed and are all united by the Victorian atmosphere at its freshest and most fragrant.

Among the well-known flower plates of this period it is interesting to find that some of the most vigorous (Fig. 5) are in a comparatively little known work, a book by J. Traherne Moggridge, not on English flowers but on the flora of Mentone on the French Riviera. Perhaps it is natural, for the English had "captured" much of the Riviera and were referring to the inhabitants as "foreigners." Many English enjoyed living there far more than in their own country.

Moggridge, as one might expect, was a fellow of the Linnean Society of London and, as well, a fellow of the Zoological Society. He played a distinguished part in that small but cultured community of all nationalities that frequented the Riviera before it became so generally popular. It was to number among its members people as varied as the Hanburys, of Mortola, Robert Louis Stevenson, Andrew Lang, Gladstone and Queen Victoria; and Moggridge, though essentially a botanist, had no narrow professional outlook. In this book the English love of flowers, half scientific, half affectionate, is at its best; it is completely transplanted. The very fact that he was so much at home on the Riviera makes his book so intimate and charming. In the midst of botanical details there is the name of a friend who picked some wild flower in a particular olive grove on a particular day. It has the atmosphere of the Victorian drawing-room



1.—THE NODDING RENEALMIA: FROM THE 18th-CENTURY *THE TEMPLE OF FLORA*

as well as of Victorian research, and the plates would do credit both in sensitiveness and production to any age.

But to return to London, as even the most devoted dweller on the Riviera did in the summer. One must not forget such comparatively unknown flower plates as the *Indoor Plants* (Fig. 3). These plants grew on the half-landing of almost every town house, and the frontispiece shows with what devoted care these miniature conservatories were tended, how delightful they could be even without the addition of a canary cage or a bowl of goldfish. Here you could linger, if the first half flight of stairs caused a slight breathlessness, and contemplate the maiden-hair ferns, the convolvuli, and the arum lilies. Perhaps some panes of coloured glass, let into the windows at the back or sides, lent a Victorian, fairy-like touch to the whole, a splash of colour even on a misty morning. Surely a few specimens of such prints, and even of some actual half-landing itself, should be carefully preserved, complete with the descendants of the indoor plants so charmingly portrayed. They would remind us of those leisured days when there was time for "little touches," for the tender care of even the most ordinary plants and at least a few moments to linger on the landing to enjoy them. It is amid the small things of life that most people spend



(Left) 3.—FRONTISPIECE FROM
INDOOR PLANTS (19th CEN-
TURY)

4.—THE GARDENER'S SHED.
FROM A PAINTING BY V.
BARTHOLOMEW



their days and so surely is it the trivial things that reflect with a peculiar truth and intimacy the atmosphere of the past.

But what of to-day? Are there such things as 20th-century flower prints or has the floral post-card supplanted them? Botanical books, for adults and children, still flourish in increasing numbers, with numerous plates, and possibly there has not yet been time for them to have been cut out and framed, though many are worthy of it. No post-card or calendar will ever have the same combination of simple accuracy and tender affection that marks the botanical flower print, and it is rather a question of whether the 20th-century flower print has a distinct atmosphere of its own than whether the flower print is as popular to-day as it has been in the past.

It is, of course, difficult to compare our own age with any other; it is so near. But it seems largely an age of copyists or self-conscious extremists; and in flower prints they are mostly copyists of the 19th century. Possibly a renaissance may come from the conversion of flower prints into something of daily use (they are better made into table mats than locked away in cupboards), but if it comes it must have a natural, not a forced, originality. It must not merely sprawl within cowardly unadventurous

limits or convulsively and self-consciously glory in extremes.

The present danger, however, is in *merely* copying the 19th century. Nearly all flower plates show the same tendency. Imitation flourishes and creation withers. There could be no better examples than the recent works on lilies. From the great sumptuous volumes, cherished by the lily experts, to the delicately produced King Penguins they all contain excellently produced plates to suit everybody's purse, but it would be hard to find in them the spirit of our age.

Is it a healthy sign for one century to do nothing but reflect the century before? Possibly before long some artist or school of artists, by expressing their own feelings, will also express the spirit of our age. In modern flower prints they may leave a record of our continued love of the country, a love that takes us out of large towns at the slightest opportunity, in trains and cars, motor-coaches and bicycles, in family parties or alone.

5.—ANEMONES: FROM J. TRAHERNE
MOGGRIDGE'S *CONTRIBUTIONS TO
THE FLORA OF MENTONE AND TO
A WINTER FLORA OF THE RIVIERA*
(1867-74)

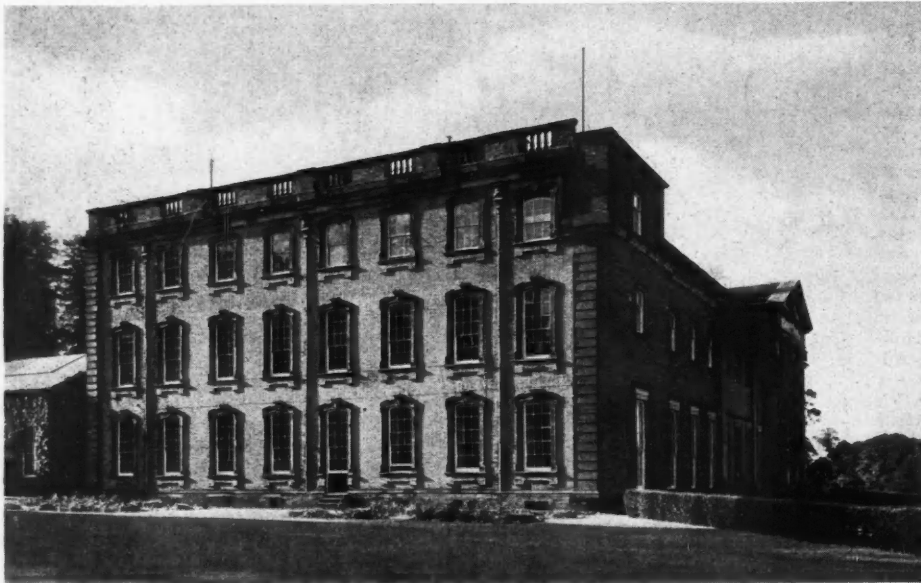


CHILLINGTON HALL, STAFFORDSHIRE—II

THE HOME OF MR. T. A. W. GIFFARD

By ARTHUR OSWALD

The history of the Giffards continued through the times when they suffered under the recusancy laws. The south side of the house, built in 1724 by Peter Giffard, may have been the work of William and Francis Smith



1.—THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE HOUSE (1724), SHOWING THE JUNCTION WITH SOANE'S EAST FRONT. (Right) 2.—THE MORNING-ROOM

IN the saloon at Chillington a large stone chimney-piece (Fig. 11) at once catches the eye, incorporating, as it does, a number of heraldic carvings. An inscription in Gothic lettering reads: "The armys of Syr John Gyffarde Knight. The yere of owre lorde m^vxlviij (1547). And the fyrste yere of Kyng Edwarde the Syxte, I.G." The family tradition is that when Sir John Soane rebuilt the house for Thomas Giffard, these panels were removed from their original position over the doorway of the great hall of the Tudor house, but the character and freshness of the carving suggest that they are, in fact, careful copies, though the two panels with the inscriptions may be original. Sir John Giffard succeeded his father in 1486 and died in 1556 at the age of ninety. It was shown last week that he did not come into Chillington itself until 1537, owing to his mother's life interest, and his rebuilding of the house took place in his old age. The inscription, no doubt, marks the date when he completed the great hall. In the long panel above the fireplace, below the achievement of the Giffard arms, is a representation of a standard, and thereby hangs a tale.

Sir John, the story goes, received the gift of a wild panther, which he kept in a cage in the park. One day it broke loose and, having sighted a woman with her baby, was about to attack, when the knight's attention was called. With his son he rushed in pursuit, holding his bow ready to shoot. When he came within range, his son checked him, crying: "Take breath and shoot hard." The knight steadied himself and shot the panther through the head. The spot where the incident is said to have occurred is marked by what is known as Giffard's Cross. In 1523 Sir John applied to the College of Arms for a standard and in allusion to his skill with the long bow was granted the one displayed. The two crests—the archer and the panther's head—and the motto, *Prenez haleine, tirez fort*, have been borne by the family ever since.

Sir John's grandson, another John Giffard, who succeeded in 1560, suffered much for his adherence to the old religion. Until 1575 he seems to have been left unmolested, but in that year Queen Elizabeth made a progress in the Midlands and on her way from Stafford to Sudeley spent a night at Chillington. The host's reward for his hospitality was a summons, received a few days later, to appear before the Council, Her Majesty having discovered in the course of her progress that several of the Staffordshire gentry had ceased to attend their parish churches. John Giffard was committed to the Bishop of Rochester, though allowed temporarily to return to his house, "being as he alleadged, by reason of her Majesties late being there, out of order and unfurnished." Later that year he gave some sort of undertaking to repair to his parish church, "but the same being one and a half mile from his howse he could not do it alwaies." Soon he was failing to do it at all. Fines followed and, in 1580, imprisonment in the Marshalsea, the Dean of Lichfield having



given an unsatisfactory report. The threat of the Armada, however, stirred his patriotic feelings and he then took the oath of allegiance. Of his son and successor, Walter, little is recorded, but he, too, was a recusant. Gilbert Giffard, the Jesuit priest who sold himself to Walsingham and was the betrayer of Mary Queen of Scots, was a younger brother of Walter. After the Babington conspiracy, which he had helped both to engineer and betray, he fled to France and died miserably in a Paris prison.

During the Civil War, Peter Giffard, Walter's son, was the owner of Chillington. By paying an annual sum of £180 to the commissioners of recusancy, he had escaped any serious troubles; and with a Catholic Queen in Whitehall the Papist's lot was made easier. On the outbreak of war Giffard, though over sixty, took up arms for the King and garrisoned his house, but being almost defenceless, as Sir Amias Poulet had found when considering it as a residence for Mary Queen of Scots, it was easily captured and its owner was taken prisoner. By 1652 all his lands had been forfeited, but he lived long enough to see most of them restored. All his sons had been in arms for the King, and the youngest of them, Charles Giffard, played a prominent part in the escape of Charles II after Worcester, conducting him first to Whiteladies and then to Boscobel.

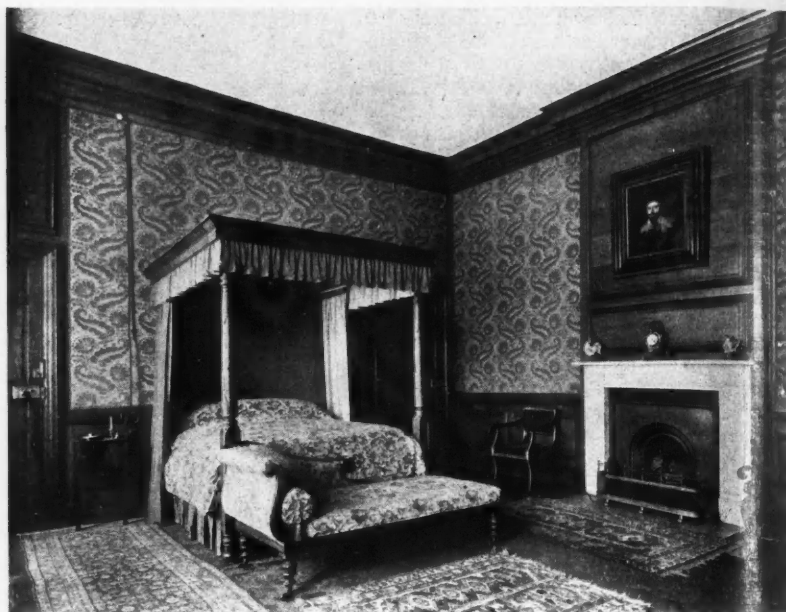
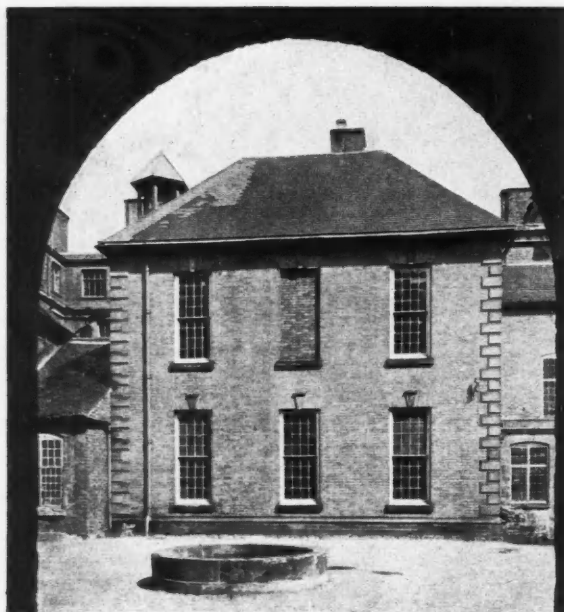
At Whiteladies, one of the monastic properties acquired by Sir John Giffard, a younger branch of the family had settled, and Boscobel had been built by John, son of Edward Giffard, of Whiteladies, as a place of residence for himself while his mother was alive but with an eye to having a useful place of concealment in the woods. A description of Boscobel appeared in these pages just over two years ago (COUNTRY LIFE, December 14, 1945). As a pendant to it we are able to publish a photograph of the elaborately ornamented letters patent (Fig. 9) for the administration of the pensions settled on the humble folk who had assisted in the King's escape—the Penderels, the Giffards' serving men, and the widow of Francis Yates, Charles Giffard's servant, who was taken prisoner and hanged. The deed is dated July 24, 1675. By that time Peter Giffard, of Chillington, was dead and it was his grandson, John, who was



3.—THE MAIN STAIRCASE. Baroque stuccoes on the walls, probably by Italian plasterers. (Left) 4.—STAIRCASE DETAIL. The carved brackets incorporate the Giffard crest

appointed one of the three trustees. The pensions are still paid to the Penderels' descendants, and the owner of Chillington has continued to act as trustee and still does.

Three generations of Giffards succeeded Peter the Cavalier, but on the death of Thomas Giffard, his great-grandson, in 1718, without a male heir, the estate passed to a second cousin, Peter Giffard, of Blackladies, descended from a younger son of the Cavalier. The date marks the opening of a new chapter in the history of Chillington, anticipated in the views published last week of the house and park, both of which are 18th-century creations, the park of Thomas Giffard in the 1770s, the house of his father, Peter, and his son, Thomas. The later and more extensive work of rebuilding carried out under Soane will be illustrated in the final article. In the remaining paragraphs we must consider what was done by Peter Giffard between 1718 and 1746.



5.—THE COURTYARD AT THE BACK OF THE HOUSE. (Right) 6.—THE RED BEDROOM IN THE SOUTH WING

It may have been his intention to rebuild the Tudor house in the form of an E without the middle stroke, but if this was his plan, only the south wing and main staircase were realised. The new range was built at right angles to the south end of the Tudor great hall with the staircase between. The east end of the block has been remodelled by Soane as the southern terminal of his entrance front (Fig. 1), and the south elevation would, no doubt, have been treated in similar fashion if the later design had been completed. As hurriedly finished off there is an awkward junction between the earlier and the later work with their different cornice levels.

This south elevation is, however, an excellent example of the work of an early Georgian provincial designer, carried out in pale red facing bricks for the walling with dressings of local stone. The lead downpipes are dated 1724. The architect's name is not known, but it has been suggested with good reason that the designer was Smith of Warwick, by whom is usually meant Francis

Smith (1672-1738), who settled in Warwick and built up an extensive practice in the Midlands both as architect and builder.

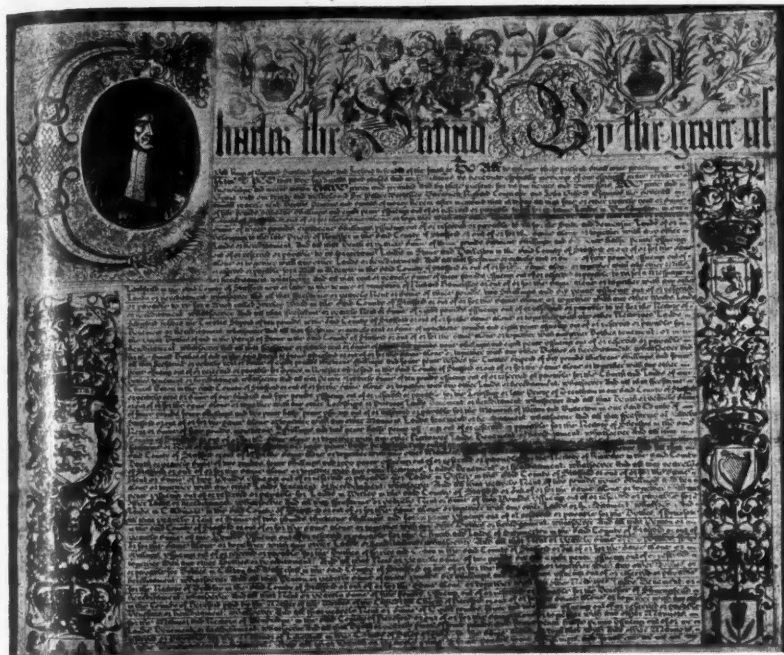
It is not generally realised that Smith was a native of Staffordshire. He was born at Tettenhall, a village outside Wolverhampton and only five miles from Chillington. The son of a bricklayer, he had two older brothers, Richard, a rather obscure individual, but known to have been a mason, and William, who lived and died at Tettenhall and is buried there, but who was associated with Francis in several of his building contracts. The two may well have contracted together for the work at Chillington, but the elder brother died in the very year that appears on the rainwater heads. When one compares the treatment of the elevation with some of Francis Smith's other houses, in particular Stoneleigh Abbey, Warwickshire, and Wingworth, Derbyshire, the latter now demolished but illustrated by Mr. Tipping in *English Homes* (Period V, Vol. I), the attribution is irresistible. In both these houses a

three-storey elevation with a balustraded cornice was adopted as here; the two lower ranges of windows were given equal height, and all the windows furnished with architraves and prominent keystones. Smith had acted as building contractor to James Gibbs at Ditchley, where we find most of these characteristics, though at Ditchley the top storey is treated as an attic and there is no balustrade. It is significant that the date on the downpipes at Ditchley is 1722. The "ears" to the architraves at Chillington are more pronounced than on the other two houses.

The main staircase (Fig. 3) is contained in a block of its own attached to the north side of the range towards its west end. Here, and in the morning-room (Fig. 2), we find the same Baroque kind of plasterwork that is or was to be seen in other Smith of Warwick interiors. At Sutton Scarsdale in Derbyshire, another of his houses but now, alas, in ruins, the stuccowork was done by Artari and Vassali, two of the Italian plasterers whom



7.—OAK PANELLED DOOR WITH BOLT FOR WORKING BY A CORD WHEN IN BED. (Right) 8.—CLOSET ADJOINING THE RED BEDROOM



9.—LETTERS PATENT OF CHARLES II (1675) FOR THE PAYMENT OF THE PENSIONS TO THE PENDERELS, WHO ASSISTED IN THE KING'S ESCAPE AFTER WORCESTER

Gibbs had employed at Ditchley. No doubt, one or more of the band worked at Chillington, but neither the design nor the execution of this plasterwork is more than mediocre. On the walls of the staircase are two large panels framing medallions with stucco bas-reliefs, perhaps of War and Peace, and there are six busts, one of them placed over a door (Fig. 3) where it is flanked by Baroque motives doing duty as a pediment, and the others in corresponding positions round the walls. The ceiling originally had decorative plasterwork but it was removed a century ago. The morning-room ceiling centres in a quartrefoil framing an emblematic lady perhaps intended for Architecture. A side-light on Peter Giffard's architectural interests is a draughtsman's table, in itself an architectural piece, with legs in the shape of consoles of the kind so often found flanking Palladian chimney-pieces.

The staircase is an admirable piece of early Georgian joinery of the kind that may conveniently be described as "fully-fashioned," for this is no cheap reach-me-down model. The nosing of each tread is continued below the stair above, and beneath it is a carved bracket harbouring the Giffard crest, the form of the scroll being produced in moulded outline the full width of the stair (Fig. 4). To counter the horizontal lines the pedestals

of each triplet of balusters are given the appearance of being continued down to the step below by cutting back the plain surface at intervals a mere fraction of an inch. The large staircase window was filled with armorial glass about 1830 to the designs, it is said, of Francis Giffard, brother of the owner of the time.

Of the three ground-floor rooms in the wing, the library at the south end retains its original oak panelling. The morning-room (Fig. 2) at the opposite end had a new fireplace and grate inserted later in the century, when the ceiling cornice was modified; and it was enlarged and made a more attractive shape by Mr. Giffard's father in 1911, when one window width was stolen from its neighbour. Facing south and lighted from two sides, it is now a very pleasant room, in which the 18th-century furniture of different periods and the portraits, landscapes and miniatures are set off by plain wall surfaces. A portrait of Anne Seymour Damer, the sculptress, inherited by Mrs. Giffard, hangs in this room, and there is a charming signed miniature by Cosway of his pretty young wife.

The first-floor rooms retain their fine oak wainscoting in large raised and fielded panels and their eight-panel doors with the original brass hinges and lock plates. The door of the bedroom (Figs. 6 and 7) has one of those brass catches which the occupant could manipulate by a cord without getting out of bed. Other examples have been illustrated in these pages recently, including one at

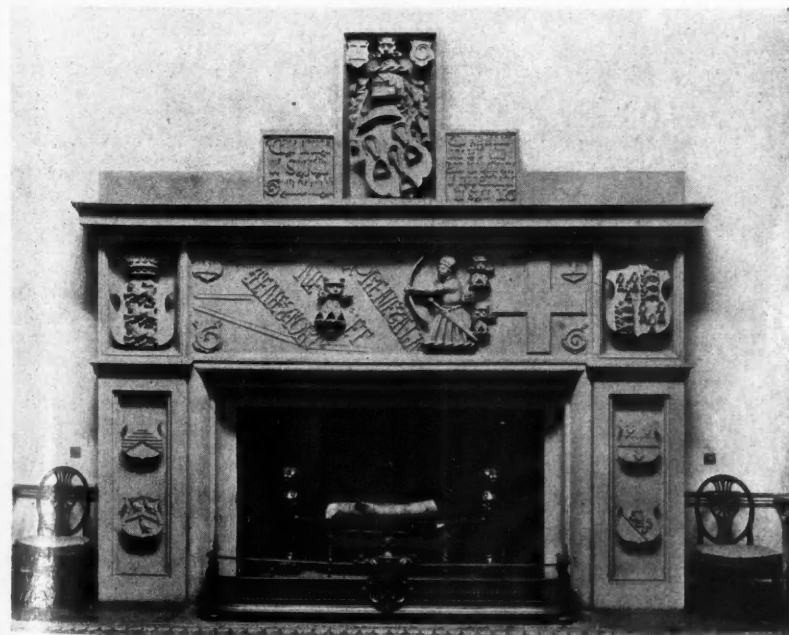


10.—AN EARLY 17th-CENTURY OAK CHEST

Bank House, Wisbech. In the adjoining dressing-room or closet (Fig. 8), discreetly hidden behind its own door, is a more important object of everyday use, architecturally treated with enriched mahogany panels to sides and seat, and carved paterae to the lintel of its roof. It must be among the earliest examples of the application of mahogany, in the 1720s still a costly wood, to a purpose for which the experience of over two centuries has proved it to be so suitable.

As we saw last week, both the gatehouse and the great hall of the Tudor house were left standing by Peter Giffard, but he built new kitchens on the north side of the subsidiary court—one of those fine manorial kitchens such as are to be found only in old country houses and Oxford and Cambridge colleges. Peter Giffard also built, away to the west of the house, an immense brick quadrangle for his stables and farm buildings with a tall octagonal pigeon-house standing in the middle of the courtyard. There is some Elizabethan or Jacobean panelling from the old house in the bedrooms of the south wing, and a few linenfold panels have been worked into a chimney-piece in the billiards room, built in 1911 at the west end of the wing. The early 17th-century oak chest (Fig. 10), unusual for the classic character of its design, with pilasters, plinth and entablature framing the strapwork panels, must also be a survival from the earlier house.

(To be concluded)



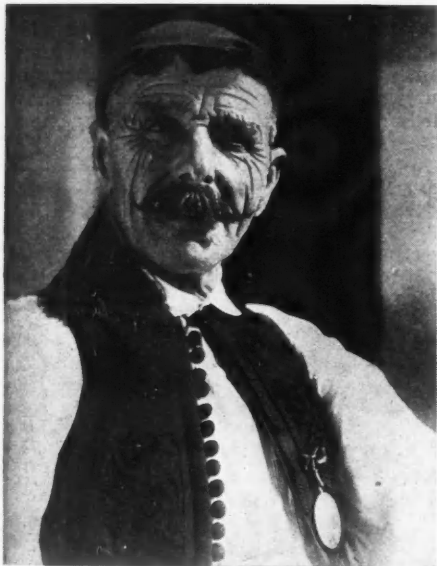
11.—HERALDIC CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE SALOON

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

By LIEUT.-COL. F. A. M. WEBSTER

FOLLOWING upon the publication of my recent articles on athletics in COUNTRY LIFE, I have received numerous letters asking about the present whereabouts of the champions of the past. If I mention Spiridon Loues first, it is perhaps because the Marathon, a race that calls for an outstanding display of courage and endurance, has always made a particular appeal to me. Spiridon Loues (Fig. 1) was 24 years old when he won the Marathon in 1896, the year the Ancient Games were revived in Athens. He died in 1940 at the age of 69. His most cherished possession was his Olympic Medal which he always wore on the left lapel of his zouave jacket.

Another Marathon hero, Dorando Pietri (Fig. 3), a little Italian pastrycook from Capri, who was presented with a special cup by the Queen of England to commemorate his noble



1.—SPIRIDON LOUES, WINNER OF THE FIRST MARATHON RACE OF THE MODERN OLYMPIC GAMES HELD AT ATHENS IN 1896, WHO DIED IN 1940

attempt to win the sensational Marathon race of 1908, when the Games were last held in London, is still alive. Dorando reached the Shepherd's Bush Stadium in an utterly exhausted condition, collapsed half a dozen times, was helped up and almost literally carried through the finishing tape by misguided officials.

The amazing Finns, Hannes Kolehmainen, who staggered the world by his prowess at distances from 3,000 to 10,000 metres at Stockholm in 1912, and Albin Stenroos, the ex-wrestler and sewing-machine salesman, who ran with him, served through the Russo-Finnish war. Kolehmainen now has a famous sports shop in Helsinki, and Stenroos is manager of the Olympic Stadium at Helsinki, where the Games of 1952 will be held.

Werner Jarvinen (Fig. 2), who first set the Finns on the path to Olympic success when he won the discus-throwing contest at Athens in 1906, died in 1941. He was the proud father of six stalwart sons, who inherit his laurels; two of them are former world's record-holders.

Armas Taipale, the great Finnish discus thrower of 1912, has migrated to U.S.A., and Ville Pörhola, who won the Olympic shot-putt in 1920, and was narrowly beaten for the hammer-

throwing championship of 1932, is working in the sports district of Lapland.

Of former middle-distance runners, Paavo Nurmi, the "Phantom Finn," like Kolehmainen, has a sports shop in Helsinki, and is now training his compatriot Viljo Heino to break his own world's records. I have news, too, of Alfred Shrubbs (Fig. 4), holder of the world's record from 2 to 10 miles, all of whose figures were eclipsed by Nurmi.

Shrubbs was always a great character. He lived and worked at Horsham, Sussex, as a builder's labourer, and after carrying a hod of bricks up and down a ladder all day, ran in his heavy boots with an acquaintance to see a fire! It was thus that, in the early years of the 20th century, he discovered his running ability; a short time afterwards he was winning English Championships and making world's records. Later he became, in succession, a professional athlete, an hotel-keeper in Oxford, a Justice of the Peace, and coach to the O.U.A.C. Now he runs a barley cream factory in Ontario. He tells me that that great sprinter, Bobby Kerr, an Irishman who was taken to Canada when he was three and who, representing that Dominion in the Olympic Games of 1908, won the 200 metres race in 22.4 seconds, and finished third to the South African schoolboy, Reggie Walker, in the 100 metres, will, in his 66th year, be returning to England for this year's Games. Walker himself, I am told, is fit and well, and may also be in England this year.

Turning to the professionals, we come to A. B. Postle, who for 25 years was considered the fastest runner out of holes ever seen in Australia. Running with faultless style, Postle won more than a score of world's titles. He ran at a weight of 11 stone, and old-timers remember his clashes with his fellow Australian professional, J. Donaldson. Now, at 65 years of age, and weighing 4 stone more, Postle lives in retirement in his native Queensland, but still takes a great interest in the horse racing at Brisbane.

Donaldson, in his prime, was a clean-limbed, flat-backed, lean-flanked runner standing 5 feet 8½ inches, and weighing about 10 stone 10 lb. Australians counted him as the world's most versatile athlete. He liked a strenuous life, and when he went to South Africa at the age of 23 he was a well-known Rugby football player. In a pigeon-shooting match at Johannesburg he once "killed" 51 out of 52 clays, and on only eight occasions did he use a second barrel. On his first running performance in South Africa he ran 220 yards in 22.5 seconds to knock 0.5 seconds off Postle's professional world's record. He ran 100 yards in 9.8 seconds and, later, in 9.6 seconds.

Donaldson, Postle and Holway, a big American, were matched at 100 yds. at Johannesburg on February 10, 1910. There were 10,000



2.—WERNER JARVINEN, WINNER OF THE DISCUS EVENT AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES OF 1906, WITH FOUR OF HIS SIX SONS



3.—DORANDO PIETRI, THE ITALIAN PASTRYCOOK, BEING ASSISTED TO THE FINISH OF THE 1908 MARATHON AT SHEPHERD'S BUSH. HE IS STILL LIVING

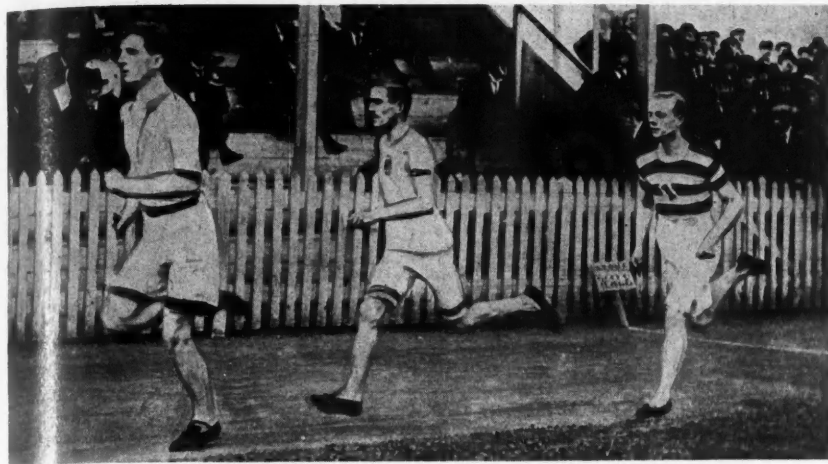
spectators present, and a great shout of "Postle wins!" burst from them when the Queensland sprinter was fastest away in a perfect start. Donaldson was but a foot, and the American a yard, behind. At 30 yards Donaldson caught his man, who held him up to the half distance, but more than that was beyond the power of any living man that day. Donaldson won that race for £600 in 9.375 seconds, a time much debated, but he beat Postle by 2½ yards, with Holway 1½ yards farther away.

English athletes who turned professional and went to the U.S.A. were Willie Applegarth (A.A. 100 and 220 yds. Champion, 1913-14), and A. G. Hill (A.A. Mile Champion, 1919 and 1921), in which year he made the British Mile Record of 4 minutes 13.8 seconds. He later took charge of Sydney Wooderson, whom he trained to make a world's mile record of 4 minutes 6.4 seconds in 1937. Joe Binks (Fig. 4), who set the British mile record at 4 minutes 16.8 seconds in 1902, is still in England as a special athletic correspondent to a national newspaper, and promoter annually of the British Games.

I have been looking up the names of those who represented England and America at the first international match held at Manhattan Field, U.S.A., on September 21, 1895, and have been able to collect comparatively recent news of many of them. Tommy Conneff (U.S.A.), who made a world's mile record of 4 minutes 18 seconds, died a few years ago, as did the former pole-vault record-holder, Hugh H. Baxter. Baxter was captain of the American side, and W. E. Lutyens, the Cambridge miler, captained England. The latter is now a parson in Cambridge.

The beginning of the 20th century brought to light the sprinter, A. F. Duffey, of George Town University, U.S.A. He never won a U.S.A. National title, or an international crown, but in England he was unbeaten between 1900 and 1903, and on each occasion he recorded even time. Later he became a sports writer. A year ago he was reported to have died, but I had a letter from him only the other day. He was such a fast starter that he was addressed thus by a North Country starter on one occasion: "Sitha, Duffey laad, Ah've brought shot gun for't startin'. Ah've blank i't first barrel an' small shot i't second. Tha' can't guess where tha'll get shot if tha tries any flyers!"

Duffey is now 68 years of age and a great friend of the famous Bernie Wefers, who is about 73. He says that Wefers was the greatest sprinter he ever saw. Wefers' athletic career was terminated by an accident, and he now walks with the aid of two sticks.



4.—JOE BINKS (right) RUNNING BEHIND ALFRED SHRUBBS (middle) LOWERED THE BRITISH MILE RECORD TO 4 MINUTES 16.8 SECONDS IN 1902. Shrubbs now runs a barley cream factory in Ontario. (Right) 5.—A RECENT PORTRAIT OF MR. BINKS, who is now athletic correspondent to a national newspaper

Recently I came across George Brewill, a former manager of the Westminster Bank in Loughborough, who is of much the same age as Bernie Wefers, and was injured in a similar type of accident, so that he, too, walks with the aid of sticks. As a young bank clerk, Brewill won the English 220 yards championship in 23 seconds in 1903, the second year of its institution. Another old friend is Oswald Birkbeck (Fig. 6), who, as Oswald Groenings, made an English

still living in Norfolk when last I heard of him. Of Mike Sweeney, who in the match between Great Britain and the U.S.A. in 1895, set the world's high jump record at 6 feet 5½ inches, I have no news, but B. Howard Baker, the outstanding English high jumper from 1910 to 1921, served in the Royal Navy during the first world war, resumed athletics when the war was over, represented Great Britain at the Olympic Games of 1920, and in 1921 made an English native record of 6 feet 5 inches. He also played water polo and Association football for England. He is now managing director of a number of manufacturing companies in the North, and uses as his telegraphic address "Hijumper, Liverpool."

Then there are the Irish. Peter O'Connor (Fig. 7), who was born in Wicklow, stood 6 feet 1 inch, weighed 11 stone, and was training for the legal profession in Connemara in the middle '90s. By the beginning of the century it was clear that a new long jump star was arising, for in August of 1900 he jumped 24 feet 7¾ inches from a 4-inch take-off board, and at Ballsbridge on Whit Monday, 1901, he took the Irish title with a jump of 24 feet 9 inches, the heel of his leading leg breaking the clay at 25 feet 5 inches! On August 5th, 1901, he set up a world's record of 24 feet 11¼ inches from a proper take-off board, and also cleared 23 feet 10¼ inches from grass, both being world's records which were to stand for upwards of half a century.

John Flanagan, born at Kilbreedy, Kilmallock, stood 5 feet 9½ inches, and in 1894 won the 56 lb. weight-slinging championship, achieved 22 feet in the long jump, and in 1889 made a world's hammer throwing record of 156 feet in London. Later he emigrated to New York, where he joined the police.

A story is told, which is probably apocryphal, of John's first holiday in his own country. A local policeman saw him standing in his own street and throwing a 56-lb. weight over the top of a house. Remonstrated with, John replied, "There'll be no damage done at all, for me grandfather is in the garden beyond tossing it back to me!"

Other famous Irishmen, most of whom are still living, are Dennis Horgan, of Banteer, the best shot-putter ever trained in Ireland, and Matt McGrath, who was born at Nenagh in 1876, stood a fraction over 6 feet and was of great proportions. He won 14 American and one Olympic Championships. He, however, died on January 29, 1941.

Two of the famous weight-throwers of later times are Pat Ryan, of Pallasgreen, and the great doctor, Pat O'Callaghan. Ryan as a tall, rangy youth of 19 caused a sensation in the Gaelic Championships of 1902 when he beat the famous Tom Kiely in the hammer-throwing event. Ryan was a natural hammer thrower whose figures have but seldom been beaten in a European country, but he was a man with a



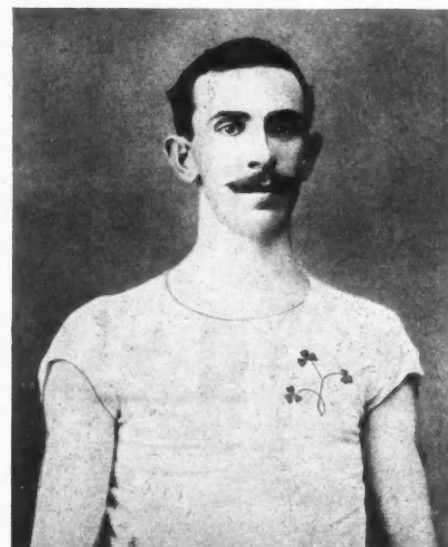
6.—OSWALD BIRKBECK, WHO, AS OSWALD GROENINGS, TOOK PART IN THE LAST LONDON OLYMPIAD—IN 1908

native record of 36.6 seconds for 300 yards over 3-foot hurdles on September 21, 1907. I met him a few years ago at an English Championship Meeting and found him very little altered from the long lean lad who served in the South African war and took part in the last London Olympiad forty years ago. With him was L. F. (Jimmy) Tremer, whom I found a good deal heavier than when I met him in 1908.

A. Wharton, in 1886, was the first man to win the English 100 yards title in 10 seconds. He was also the first Negro to win an English title. Later he became the proprietor of a hotel in Darlington, turned professional footballer, and in 1897 played for Preston North End, but later transferred to Rotherham. He was a contemporary of the great quarter-miler, C.G. Wood, of Blackheath, who broke all records at distances between 150 and 300 yards in 1887, and was

temperament that turned the hair of his trainers grey. The truth was that Pat was a superior man in his own land at just under 160 feet, but would not get down to serious training until he, too, migrated to the New York Police Force. In America, however, they made him train; in 1913 he made a world's record of 189 feet 6½ inches, and in 1920, at Antwerp, won the Olympic Championship at 173 feet 5½ inches. Meanwhile he had sailed for France with the American Expeditionary Force, and had become great friends with Gene Tunney, the famous boxer. At the time of his Olympic triumph Ryan was 37 years of age and weighed about 19 stone! Eventually he returned to his native Limerick, where he divides his time between farming and coaching the young Irish weight-throwers.

Finally there is Dr. Pat O'Callaghan. Dr. Pat, a tall heavy man, held the Irish Championships for hammer (170 feet), shot (44 feet 5½ inches), and high jump (6 feet) between 1930 and 1932. At Amsterdam, in 1928, he won the Olympic hammer at 168 feet 7½ inches, but failed to break Ryan's world and Olympic records. He won again in 1932 at 176 feet 11½ inches, and in 1937 raised the world's record to 195 feet 4¾ inches. Shortly afterwards a child wandered on to the field where he was competing, and was killed by the hammer. Dr. Pat migrated to U.S.A., where he became a professional all-in wrestler. The tale is told that, becoming annoyed with a persistent opponent, Pat grabbed the man by the ankles, whirled the body round his head hammer fashion, and sent him whizzing among the startled spectators. Pat is still fit and performing prodigies of strength in the States.



7.—PETER O'CONNOR AS HE WAS IN 1901 WHEN HE MADE A WORLD'S RECORD LONG JUMP OF 24 FT. 11¼ IN.

ITALIAN MAIOLICA

By MARTIN A. BUCKMASTER

Development from Hispano-Moresque Lustre Ware



1.—PLAQUE. GUBBIO. Gold, cobalt blue, and ruby lustre

VARIETY of pattern, as I said in my article of January 9, is one of the fascinating features of Hispano-Moresque earthenware, unlike Italian Maiolica, which is more ordered in design. The free use, woven together, of individual flowers and foliage such as vine and bryony, daisy and carnation, makes intricate and informal patterns. The birds, fishes and animals of many kinds that ornament the dishes are sometimes wildly grotesque, but such distortion never disturbs the harmony of the designs. The great achievement of these Moorish and Italian potters was that the motives employed are so well distributed that the design suffers no overloading of details, the whole field being covered in an admirable manner.

In the 18th century Hispano-Moresque, and also Italian earthenware, in common with the other arts, began to show signs of degenera-

tion. Copper dishes and bowls with a coarse glaze, decorated with grotesque birds, became the prevailing type, not to be compared with 15th- and 16th-century examples.

A detailed description of the manufacture of these fine lustre glazes would be out of place in an article of this character, but some knowledge of the process is essential to the appreciation of the ware. After the object had been formed on the wheel, or in the mould, the clay was dried but allowed to retain a pliable consistency so that it could be modelled by either depression or incision. The dish, or other object, was then completely covered with a fine creamy-white tin glaze of a fine quality and placed in the oven. When sufficiently baked this varnished surface was ready for the painted design and the gold, silver, cobalt, and other lustre glazes were added. The object was then

placed in the oven for the final firing, a difficult and somewhat speculative process not always producing a satisfactory result. The complete chemical processes involved in the manufacture of Spanish or Italian earthenware have never been entirely agreed upon by chemists or art experts. Had they been so we might to-day be turning out examples of equal beauty to those of the best periods of both.

One of the most interesting questions raised is the extent of the direct influence exerted by Spanish work on 15th- and 16th-century Italian Maiolica. The connection is important. The Valencian group of factories—Manises, Mislata and Paterna—were well known to the rich Italian nobles, who were great patrons of Hispano-Moresque pottery, quantities of which were shipped by small Majorcan and Minorcan boats from Valencia to the eastern Italian ports.



2.—DISH. DERUTA. Blue-green lustre with ruby iridescence



3.—PLATE. CASTEL DURANTE, 1543
Deep blue ground, yellow trophies



4.—DERUTA DISH; *THE INCREDULITY OF ST. THOMAS*
Cobalt, gold, and ruby lustre

This transport service originated the name Majolica or Maiolica, given to pottery made in Italy, and led to the setting up of ceramic factories in many Italian towns. The most important were at Faenza, Urbino, Gubbio, Deruta, and Castel Durante. The chief artist potters in Italy during the 16th century were Giorgio Andreoli (Maestro Giorgio), of Gubbio, Nicola Pellipario, of Castel Durante, and Urbino, and Francesco Xanto and Francesco Durenna, both of Urbino.

A typical plaque from the Gubbio factory—possibly an unsigned work of Maestro Giorgio—is the dish (Fig. 1) decorated in gold, cobalt blue, and ruby lustre. Gubbio had so high a reputation for lustre glazing that pieces were sent to be painted there from other towns. Deruta can be represented by the 16th-century dish (Fig. 2) with a formal repeat design and a crowned M in the centre—possibly connected with the Manfredi, Montefeltro, or Medici families. It has a predominantly blue-green lustre of great delicacy with a subdued ruby iridescence around the monogram—a superb example of the ware. The plate dated 1543 (Fig. 3) is from Castel Durante, and has all the characteristics of fine Italian Maiolica—indeed, could never be mistaken for anything else. It has a deep ultramarine blue background, the trophies painted in sienna yellow with a high glaze but no iridescent lustre. The realistic Cupid is characteristic of the Italians' love of figure decoration. For Italian tradition preferred pictorial representation to the formal patterns of the Hispano-



5.—DERUTA DISH OF THE 16th CENTURY
Gold, ruby, and green lustres

Moresque potters. This led to the decorative use of religious and classical subjects that is characteristic of Italian Maiolica. It is clearly seen in Fig. 4, a Deruta dish decorated with *The Incredulity of St. Thomas*, vividly lustred in cobalt, gold, and ruby pigments. The border has three different patterns typical of this particular period. Another Deruta dish of the 16th

century (Fig. 5) has in the centre the head of a girl in an elaborate turbaned head-dress and a well-patterned costume with puff sleeves. The pleasing "peacock feather" border gives this dish, carried out in brilliant lustres of gold, ruby and green, additional charm.

These dishes were made both for domestic use and for decoration. The small scudellæ (bowls without lips) were used for soup and other liquid foods, the flat dishes for carving meats or fowl, but the more elaborate specimens were undoubtedly purely decorative.

How Hispano-Moresque and Italian Maiolica have preserved and even enhanced their lustre over a period of four centuries has often aroused speculation. I put forward the suggestion that it may be the result of the action of the clay base, charged as it is with natural mineral deposits, keeping alive the brilliance of the lustre unaided by the hand of man. We know that this action does take place by the examples found of buried Roman and Palestine glass which have acquired a beautiful iridescence from natural earth deposits alone. William de Morgan, who made an intensive study of lustre glazes, and who manufactured, about forty years ago,

the only comparable modern lustre ware, admitted to me his inability to produce anything comparable to the best Spanish or Italian pieces, and thought that the rich mineral clay of Spain, working through minute pores in the tin glaze, might account for its rare quality.

(The illustrations reproduced are from enamels in the author's collection).

GEHAZI AND THE ECHO

By E. MOORE DARLING

SEPTEMBER fishing on Wenlas can be good—indeed, very good—so that by the time the wind had gone with the sun, and the surface of the water looked smooth and foreboding, five really good fish lay in the bottom of the boat. To complete Gehazi's pleasure, all but one of them had succumbed to the Alexandra, the odd fish being accounted for by a big and lightly dressed silver-bodied March Brown. Add that I'd never even put up a nymph, and it will be seen that for the old man it had been a perfect day, for he hates nymphs with the same irrational venom that my elderly gardener reserves for the hormone preparation with which I spray our tomato setts.

"A grand day," he said, as he pulled across the Llyn to the boathouse. "No better day has any gentleman had this season, and a graat fly is the Alexandra when well down and kept moving." Suddenly he stopped rowing. "Harken, sir," he said. Turning to where a steep hill in the distance blocked up one end of the Llyn, he called out, "Hello there," and seconds later a clear voice of the hill answered "Io there." Gehazi repeated his efforts from various spots on the Llyn, but only from that one place did the echo come loud and clear. "That is our famous echo," he said. "Many a time have I meant to show it to you, but ever did I misremember until to-day."

With his usual deftness Gehazi ran the boat under cover, hooked up and padlocked the chair, and as we came on to the road said, "Easy is it for you to return, for short are fishing days now, so come you in to the fire." His eyes twinkled. "While it is warm you are getting, I will tell you a fine story." Soon we were seated in front of a wood fire, my pipe glowing, and Gehazi's filled but lying on the table.

It is always like that at the end of a day, because, for his final fill-up from my pouch, Gehazi stuffs in solid Navy Cut so that it would be impossible to light it. After I am gone he digs it out again with his knife, teases it, and makes three good pipefuls.

"An uncle have I at Pen y Cefn high up above Bala," he said. "Rhys John is his name, very clever he is, and has the best echo in all Wales. The cause of it is a mountain-face like our own echo but more so, and when you speak to it stronger does the echo come back to you than your own voice. Rhys put up a shed for farm-house teas so that charas come for miles to hear the echo and to partake of Rhys John's teas, when, one sad morning, and in August at that, see you, when the towrists were in hundreds, suddenly the echo is not."

"Echo is not?" I said.

"Iss, so," replied Gehazi. "For quarry away the mountain-face did they and then, see you, no mountain-face, no echo."

"That was hard on Rhys," said I.

"Bitter hard," was the answer. "For more did Rhys make from the echo than from his farm; but a deep thinker is Rhys, so think does he until his thoughts make a plan; by the mountain that was being quarried is a small cottage hidden away, and in that cottage lives Owen Price, who was not only a Penillion singer in his youth but a great mimic also. To him doth my Uncle Rhys tell his misfortune and unfold his plan. 'Darro me,' says Owen, 'but a clever man are you, Rhys bach, and easy is it, so that whenever you call from Pen y Cefn I will be your echo. Call tenor and I will answer tenor, and bass will I give back for bass, while Scottish or Irish, Lancasheer, Yorksheer, Cockney or Pottery, each will get back an echo

in his own tongue.' Then pleased was Rhys and very satisfied was Owen. A generous man is my Uncle Rhys and paid Owen 2d. an echo. Then it happened," Gehazi sighed.

"What happened?" I asked.

"It is as Shakespeare saith," replied Gehazi as sententiously as erroneously, "for is it not written there that the best-laid schemes of mice and men gang after day?"

"What happened?" I repeated.

"Thus," answered the old man. "On a day when Owen had seen a chara on the pass ten miles away and knew that his echo would be needed, a messenger rides over from the far side of the mountain to say that Owen's mother had had an accident, so away goes Owen riding pillion with the messenger. Before he starts away, he gets an Irish quarryman to take his place as echo. 'Do not attempt too much,' says Owen. 'If the voice says "How are you then?" just echo "you then"—fading away. See you? Or if it says "Good afternoon to you," say no more than "to you." Then can you not go wrong, for Rhys will say that the echo is not as good as usual to-day."

"It sounds fool-proof," said I.

"Iss does it, but Providence was against Rhys. The first two who wished to echo were as Owen had taught the quarryman, but the third wished to be a funny man and shouts 'How is it the day with yez, Andy me bonny lad?' and the echo, being named Andy, answers 'Foine, and how's yerself.' After that Uncle Rhys had to take in fishing guests to make a living."

"The river will be one of the streams that runs into the Dee," said I. "Is it fishable up there?"

"In all Wales," said Gehazi, "there is no finer scenery."

CORRESPONDENCE

A SPOONBILL IN DEVON

SIR,—On January 29, between Newton Abbot and Teignmouth, Devon, I saw a spoonbill. I have always understood that the spoonbill is the shyest of birds, but this one was walking on the mud flats within a few yards of the railway, and was quite unperturbed by the passage of a train.

—C. A. RYVES, *Southborough, Kent.*
[Spoonbills from the Continent visit the east and south coasts fairly regularly, usually between April and November, and have been seen in Devon on a good many occasions.]

SQUIRREL CLIMBING A HOUSE WALL

SIR,—I was rather sceptical about my wife's tale of a grey squirrel running up the side of our neighbour's house, but I have seen now and believe. The climb takes well under 10 seconds for the 35 to 40 ft. on the soft rough-cast wall, and the squirrel spread-eagles itself to maintain a foothold. A stack-pipe and some horizontal pipes are ignored, and the descent is made in the same way.—HAROLD M. CHURCHWARD, *Esher, Surrey.*

LONG REFECTORY TABLES

SIR,—In COUNTRY LIFE of January 23 a correspondent asks whether a refectory table there illustrated belonging to the Earl of Gainsborough is the longest in Britain. We have a set of three refectory tables here at Prinknash all of which are longer. The Earl of Gainsborough's is 25 ft. 5 ins. in length; two of ours are 30 ft. 4 ins., and the third 30 ft. 11 ins.

All three of our tables were cut from an African mahogany. They are beautiful slabs, resting on heavy oak trestles. Are they the longest? And, as a set of three, are they perhaps unique?—DOM. ALBAN LEOTAUD, *Prinknash Abbey, Gloucester.*

AN OLD MAYOR'S PARLOUR

SIR,—You may like to publish this photographic record of the Old Mayor's Parlour in Derby, which was recently demolished. This fine example of an Elizabethan house had much oak paneling and flooring which have been saved, and over the bowed windows was ornamental leadwork. It stood in Derby's civic centre, where it was a conspicuous survival among the modern buildings and river gardens.—F. R., *Derby.*

A GEORGIAN GAME

SIR,—With reference to your correspondence about old games, I have a game called Science in Sport, or the Pleasures of Astronomy, published on December 17, 1804, by John Wallis of 16, Ludgate Hill.

It seems to be the ancestor of such games as Snakes and Ladders and Ludo, and is played by moving counters into numbered spaces in accordance with the spinning of a teetotum. Each space has an illustration relating to astronomy, such as the Great Bear, a planet with its satellites, portraits of Ptolemy, Tycho Brahe, etc., and the "home" is a picture of Flamsteed House (*sic*).

Rule 3 of the game is rather quaint: "The first player must read the introduction aloud before he

begins to play." This opens as follows: "Astronomy is the knowledge of the Universe as it offers itself to our consideration." This is followed by twelve paragraphs, each defining an astronomical subject such as the Solar System, the Poles, the Ecliptic, etc.—M. K. SWAN (Mrs.), *Marigold, Crown Lane, Farnham Royal, Buckinghamshire.*

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

SIR,—Under the date 1768 I have come across the case of a local victualler who was prosecuted "for suffering CULVEY to be play'd in his House." Do any of your readers know the sort of game culvey was? At this time billiards, bagatelle and cards were also forbidden.—G. H. GIBBS, *Bristol.*

WHEN TORPIDS WERE FROZEN OUT

SIR,—As Torpids are now being rowed at Oxford you may care to publish the enclosed photograph taken during the bitter winter of 1895. From January to March of that year the Thames at Oxford was frozen, so that Torpids could not be rowed; and as a memento the Corpus Christi College boat, crew, and waterman were photographed on the ice.—FRANK F. SMITH, *Oxford.*

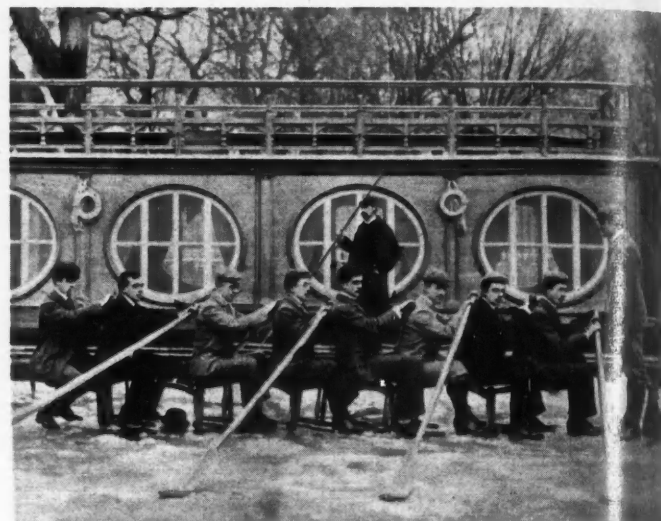
LATE RUTTING OF DEER

SIR,—With reference to your recent correspondence about deer and the rutting season, though in the small park here the rut usually ends about October 20, in both 1944 and 1945 there was a short outbreak of roaring about November 7, and in each of the following years there was a late calf.

Last year the rut was late, ending about October 30. Since then there have been two short spells of roaring—about November 15 and December 30—so I am afraid that there will be a late calf this year.—D. G. MONCRIEFF (Lt.-Col.), *Kinmonth, Bridge-of-Earn, Perthshire.*

RED ADMIRAL ABROAD IN JANUARY

SIR,—On January 31, a day of watery sun but cold and strong wind, I found a red admiral in the middle of a fairly



CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, TORPIDS CREW ON THE FROZEN THAMES IN 1895

See letter: When Torpids Were Frozen Out

populated road in Epsom. It seemed lifeless but revived from the warmth of my hand and later flew away strongly. I imagine it must be unusual to see a red admiral in January.—SHEILA M. KER (Miss), 34, *Christchurch Gardens, Epsom, Surrey.*

[Most hibernating red admirals are killed off by the cold weather of winter, but a few survive in the warmer parts of the country and may venture abroad on mild days such as were experienced shortly before the end of January.—ED.]

HOW FAR CAN WE FEED OURSELVES?

From Sir E. John Russell.

SIR,—Mr. Anthony Hurd's recent article, and Mr. Hugh-Jones's penetrating comments on it in your issue of February 6, set forth clearly the main factors involved in the problem of how far Britain can feed herself. As Mr. Hugh-Jones points out, the basic factor is the level of nutrition aimed at: is it to be the present standard, or the pre-war standard, or that still higher one envisaged by the now almost forgotten Hot Springs Conference? Our pre-war dietary required about 1.6 acres of cultivated land per head for its production at the average yields then prevailing (1933); we had actually about 40 per cent. of this—0.66 acres per head. We produced about 35 to 40 per cent. of our food, according to the way one reckoned it.

Germany's pre-war dietary, on the other hand, could be produced on about 1.1 acres of land per head, and, having nearly 1 acre of agricultural land per head, she was able to satisfy about 85 per cent. of her requirements. The dietary contained much less meat than ours: only about half the beef; very little mutton, but more pig-meat; less butter, fewer eggs, but double our quantity of potatoes. We have now been forced more and more in the direction of the German ration (except that we get less pig-meat) and consequently can produce more of our present dietary at home than we did before the war.

Agricultural science and practice are continually

improving and in 1942 I estimated that tested improvements should, if farmers could widely adopt them, allow us to produce about 50 per cent. of our food—not simply the pre-war dietary, but a still better one as envisaged by the Hot Springs Conference, then very much in the air. This is equivalent to an area of about 1.2 acres of agricultural land per head. The Ministry of Agriculture target requires about the same, and Mr. Hurd estimates that our 31 million acres of agricultural land should feed 28 million people, which works out to 1.1 acres per head. If one remembers the considerable element of guesswork in estimates of this kind, the differences are not great.

At a pinch we could survive on a smaller acreage: potatoes give the highest yield of calories per acre of all human foods, and the more we substitute them for meat, eggs, etc., the larger the proportion of our dietary we can produce at home.

It would help all agricultural experts greatly if the Ministry would publish an up-to-date version of the valuable *Agricultural Output and Food Supplies of Great Britain of 1925*, with a chapter on Northern Ireland; if possible jointly with the Ministry of Food, so that the problem could be seen as a whole.

Meanwhile we are losing agricultural land at a heavy rate: we are now down to about 0.6 acres per head. How much lower is it to fall?—E. J. RUSSELL, *Woodstock, Oxfordshire.*

BARS TO FINDING ONE'S WAY

SIR,—Finding one's way, both in towns and in the country, is more difficult than it used to be. The principal reasons are:—

1. The names of streets do not appear at every corner, as they should, both in main and side streets. London is rather bad in this respect, even where the corner houses have not been bombed; Liverpool, on the other hand, is well signed.

2. House numbers, particularly on shops, are often not visible.

3. Many inns display the name of the brewer, but not of the inn.

4. Only the name of some remote destination appears on many omnibuses, which used to carry convenient boards, indicating the names of the principal streets *en route*.

5. Modern signposts do not give distances.

6. Many milestones have been removed.

7. In large railway stations, booming loudspeakers, which serve only to confuse and frighten would-be



THE OLD MAYOR'S PARLOUR, RECENTLY DEMOLISHED, AT DERBY

See letter: An Old Mayor's Parlour

passengers, have taken the place of train-indicators.

8. The name-plates in many railway stations have for no apparent reason been moved to a diagonal position, which makes them more difficult than ever to read, especially from a moving train.

9. Railway carriages used to have maps of the system on which they ran, but these are seldom seen now. Fortunately they are still to be found in the London Underground.—**PEREGRINATOR.**

WOOD-CARVING IN SWITZERLAND

SIR,—You may care to see the enclosed photograph of a third-year student carving a chamois in Switzerland. The Swiss Government give every encouragement to wood-carving and provide a three to four years' course of training in special schools. I visited the principal one at Brienz, run by the Canton of Berne, last summer, and found the young men receiving a thorough training, based on anatomical study.—**DOUGLAS DICKINS, 19, Lambolle Road, Hampstead, N.W.3.**



A SWISS STUDENT CARVING A CHAMOIS

See letter: Wood-carving in Switzerland

BIRD OF LIFE AND DEATH

SIR,—The accompanying photographs are of the caladrius, a remarkable bird which legend says was able to foretell whether a sick person was likely to

ones) two birds got to work on the sick person. One of my illustrations, which is of some window-glass in Lyons Cathedral church, shows a caladrius about to operate on a patient, while a second or relay bird flies up into the sun. Having dispersed the first instalment of the disease, the bird will probably return for a second helping, and continue until the person is cured.

Unfortunately I have not been able to find any carvings or sculptures bearing on this legend. I believe that there is a very much weather-worn sculpture on the tympanum of the Norman doorway at Alne, Yorkshire, which some say depicts the caladrius, but there is not sufficient detail for one to be sure of this, so that one has to rely mainly on MSS. drawings for illustration purposes. My other two photographs are from drawings showing the one the caladrius gazing at the patient and the other the bird turning its head away.—**W. A. CALL, Monmouth.**

AN EARLY GAS-RING

SIR,—Most people would probably imagine the accompanying photograph to be of some form of flower-stand. Actually, it is of a very early type of gas-ring, made from fireclay and measuring 5½ ins. in diameter by 5 ins. high.

This ring was in use in Shipley, Yorkshire, in about 1870, but was probably brought from Staffordshire at an earlier date. There are three openings in the base; the centre one for the gas tube and the other two to admit air.

On the side of the ring is a name which, unfortunately, is not completely decipherable, but runs as follows: "ULN...". It was probably the trade name for the ring.—**L. M. BICKERTON, Curator, City Library, Museum and Art Gallery, Hereford.**



A GAS-RING USED IN THE WEST RIDING ABOUT 1870

See letter: An Early Gas-ring

recover or if the case was hopeless. The caladrius was said to be a large white bird usually found in palaces. It would alight on the patient's bed, and if it turned its head away from him, he had no chance of recovery; should it stare fixedly at him, however, his health could surely be restored.

In the latter instance the caladrius then got to work by touching the patient's lips with its beak, thereby taking all the disease on to itself, and flying up to disperse it into the sun. In some cases (possibly in difficult

MAIDEN'S GARLANDS

SIR,—You may care to see the enclosed photograph of a maiden's garland that hangs near the west end of the church at Astley Abbots, near Bridgenorth and formerly hung on the pulpit. This garland is formed of wooden hoops, bearing four shields with the initials H.P. and the date May 10, 1707, and is decorated with coloured ribbons, now much faded, and two pairs of gloves. A parchment inscription says that it was placed in the church in memory of Hannah Phillips who died on the eve of her marriage. It is said that she was drowned at the ferry across the Severn in the parish. Astley Abbots is the only church in England dedicated to St. Calixtus.—**M. W.**

[The custom of hanging maiden's garlands, or virgin's crowns as they are also called, in memory of women who died as spinsters in the parish of their birth is of pre-Reformation origin. It is said still to continue at Abbots Ann, Hampshire, where there are some 40 garlands, and it would be interesting to know if it is in fact still observed. Other churches where there are maiden's garlands are at Ilam, Staffordshire, Alne, Yorkshire, and South Wingfield, Derbyshire, a county that has, or had, many.—**ED.**]

picture, which was inserted above the mantelpiece of the dining-room. The house shown in it was generally regarded as Dorney Court, near Windsor, which for centuries has belonged to the Palmer family. It is known that Charles II often visited there Barbara Villiers, the wife of Sir Roger Palmer, who became Lady Castlemaine and later Duchess of Cleveland.

The late Colonel Henry Palmer was much interested in the picture, of which there were several drawings and engravings at Dorney Court. One of these attributed it to Sir Peter Lely. Rose was at one time the gardener at Dorney Court, and on the refectory table in the Great Hall may still be seen a large model, carved in wood, of a pineapple, and the inn in the village is called The Pineapple. Colonel Palmer, however, was confident that the house represented could not have been Dorney Court. Nor, as he and I, and Sir Lionel Cust, who had become interested in the problem, agreed, can it be identified with Oatlands or with The Manor House in the same neighbourhood where Major Benton Fletcher thought he had detected pineapple pits among the ruins of the old



THE MAIDEN'S GARLAND AT ASTLEY ABBOTS CHURCH, SHROPSHIRE

See letter: Maiden's Garlands

THE PINEAPPLE PICTURE AT HAM HOUSE

From Sir Wyndham Dunstan.

SIR,—In his excellent illustrated account in your issue of January 30 of Ham House and its treasures, Mr. Christopher Hussey refers to a picture "by Dankaerts of Charles II being presented by Rose the Royal Gardener with the first pineapple raised in England (at Oatlands)."

As a frequent visitor at Ham House in the time of the last Lord Dysart, I was much interested in this

garden. In a proof engraving of the picture which I acquired some years ago the house is stated to be "at Chelsea." The suggestion has also been made that it was created by the artist as the background for the picture. Its identity must therefore be regarded as unsettled.

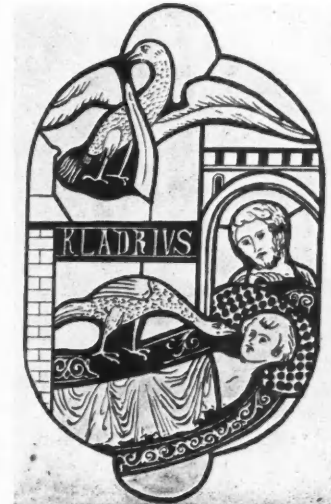
What appears to be precisely the same picture was in the possession of Horace Walpole and long after belonged to the late Sir Philip Sassoon.

It was only a few years ago that the picture at Ham House was taken down and that on the back was discovered the statement that it was



EARLY MSS. ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE CALADRIUS FORETELLING DEATH (left) AND RECOVERY TO A PATIENT. (Right) A 15th-CENTURY REPRESENTATION OF CALADRIUS SETTING TO WORK TO EFFECT A CURE

See letter: Bird of Life and Death





(Left and middle) BABY ELEPHANTS TRAPPED IN A WATER-HOLE IN KENYA. (Right) ONE OF THEM BEING HAULED OUT

See letter: A Heavy Load

"A copy of a picture by Dankaerts made by Thomas Holland age 20 from the picture owned by Mr. Walpole of Strawberry Hill."

As regards the subject of the picture, it is doubtful whether the pineapple of the occasion was the first grown in England or the first brought to England from abroad. Evelyn, in his *Diary*, dated August, 1661, says: "I first saw the famous Queen Pine brought from Barbados and presented to His Majestie." Again, in August, 1668, "Standing by His Majestie at dinner in the Presence there was that rare fruit called the King Pine growing in Barbados and the West Indies the first of these I had ever seen. His Majestie having cut it up was pleased to give me a piece off his own plate to taste."—WYNDHAM R. DUNSTAN, *East Burnham End, Buckinghamshire*.

ROUND CHIMNEYS AND THE NORMANS

SIR,—Round chimneys, of which you recently illustrated examples from Somerset and Westmorland, are usually situated in the side wall adjoining the entrance to a house and are most probably of Norman origin. Chimneys of this type, which are to be seen on many of the existing Norman domestic buildings, have persisted in general use in Pembrokeshire as well as in the Lake District and Somerset. Iorwerth C. Peate, in *The Welsh House*, pp. 142-4, has demonstrated the close trade relationship established between the Pembrokeshire Flemings and the West Country by the end of the 12th century. He concludes: "the commercial and cultural contacts between Pembrokeshire and the west of England over a long period may provide an adequate reason for the existence in these two regions only (in south Britain) of the chimney-type under discussion."

The survival of an almost identical chimney-stack in the Lake District, of which examples are shown in

the accompanying sketch, probably indicates a diffusion of this type along the coast rather than a relic from the Norman invasion. The shafts of the Norman houses were usually more slender and lacked the wide rectangular bases of the West Coast examples. In all three districts the chimneys are massive structures having a rectangular base with a cylindrical upper shaft and constitute a definite and characteristic type.—JAMES WALTON, Education Officer, *Mafeteng, Basutoland, S. Africa*.

WINDOWS ABOVE FIREPLACES

SIR,—I wonder whether a window above a fireplace is, in fact, quite so uncommon "in the whole of England" as the writer of the article in your issue of January 30 on Thackeray's house at Palace Green, Kensington, surmises. I recall two within a short distance of that very house. One was—and possibly still is—in the drawing-room of Niddry Lodge, Holland Street, the occupant of which in my younger days, Miss Mabel Holland, later moved to the little detached house on the ramp up to the southern terrace of mansions in Holland Park.

Curiously enough, that house had a similar window, with a view into the charming small garden backing on to the grounds of Holland House. I have not seen others in England, although I am told of one which was in a temperance hotel at Barrow-in-Furness, but the Villa Raphael at Cannes had a bedroom window looking out over the (then) little harbour across to the lovely range of the Esterel. The fireplace below had, in the Riviera fashion of the 19th century, a broad sill, with a French window on the inner side and a pair of Venetian shutters on the outer, and I believe these attractive windows are not rare on the Continent.—AGNES B. WARBURG (Miss), *Ashley Lodge, Bramley, Guildford*.

[Other examples of this type of window occur at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge; Wilton, Wiltshire (referred to by Celia Fiennes in her travel diary); Leeds Castle and at Halifax.—ED.]

A HEAVY LOAD

SIR,—You may care to see the enclosed photographs, received from my son, A. D. Shirreff, District Officer, Maralal, Northern Province, Kenya, showing how two baby elephants were pulled out of a water-hole near Maralal.

My son writes: "The two elephants fell into the water-hole and the mothers stood guard for about 24 hours, charged all the locals, and killed a cow. You can see in the photographs a

lot of timber floating about in the water. This is the remnants of the stockade put up to keep out elephant, which they have broken down and thrown into the water. We eventually got them out by hitching a rope under their tails and pulling hard. One of them was 3-4 years old (you can see its tusks starting) and the other a few months old. Fortunately the mothers had pushed off by the time I got there."—A. J. SHIRREFF, *Hall Place, Sparsholt, Wantage, Berkshire*.

FOR MEASURING WOOL

SIR,—With reference to the illustration in *COUNTRY LIFE* of October 17 of an old wool-winder or wrap wheel preserved at Sulgrave Manor, Northamptonshire, you may care to see the enclosed photograph of a wrap wheel, or knacking wheel as it was also called, in my possession.

The knacking wheel, which was used in conjunction with a spinning wheel for measuring the yarn into hanks or skeins, gives a click after it has taken 120 revolutions. A hank is really 100 times round the wheel but in the Highlands 120 times ensures good measure.

This very primitive example is possibly 17th century, and recalls the days when a tenant had to provide so much wool and a fighting cock as part of his rent. It comes from Puncherton, in the Cheviot Hills.—MARGARET E. SANDERSON, 24, *Queen Square, Bath*.

THE ENGRAVING OF MONUMENTAL BRASSES

SIR,—Apropos of Margaret Martyn's statement, in her article *English Monumental Brasses*, in your issue of January 16, that when the engraving of a brass was burnished it was given to the mason, she is clearly unaware that this view is now out of date. The evidence that the mason himself engraved brasses is overwhelming.

Why should James Howell in his will have ordered his monument with a portrait brass from Edward Marshall, Master Mason to the Crown? Again, there are actual drawings of the Fule brasses and the alabaster tombs on which they rest, signed by the noted sculptor Gerard Johnson; and Edward Marshall himself signs the superb brass at East Sutton, just as Epiphanius Evesham signs the fascinating brass at Marsworth, Buckinghamshire, many details of which can be paralleled on signed alabasters.

The evidence, in short, is overwhelming, and if Miss Martyn will look up the publications of the Monumental Brass Society for 1937, she will find the subject discussed there.—K. A. ESDALE (Mrs.), *West Hoathly, Sussex*.

LETTERS IN BRIEF

The Green Goose.—Surely a green goose, as given in a version of the rhyme *Mr. Fox* referred to in your issue of January 23, is the one which, by cottager's right, is fed on the village green, like the grey goose in

Jackanapes.—W. K. SCUDAMORE, *Anstey, Malling Hill, Lewes, Sussex*.

Rogue Badgers.—With reference to your correspondence about rogue badgers, we lost two out of six hens at Reigate from a badger in 1941.—R. PAIN (Miss), *Meadow Cottage, Speldhurst, Kent*.

Wild Goats in Snowdonia.—I was delighted to read in your issue of January 9 that Mr. Sinkin saw wild goats on Glyder-fawr a year or two before the war, as my father, Canon E. H. Goddard, and I saw them there



A WRAP WHEEL, POSSIBLY OF THE 17th CENTURY, FOR MEASURING YARN

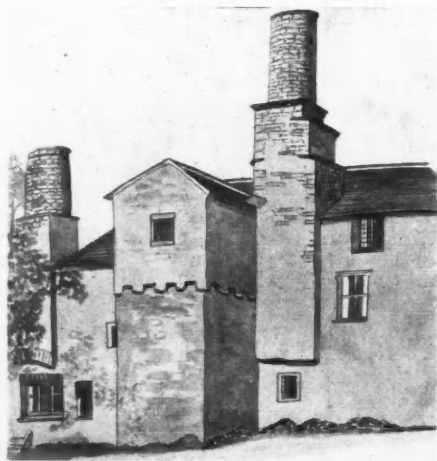
See letter: For Measuring Wool

in 1921.—RUTH A. GODDARD, *Red Gables, Devizes, Wiltshire*.

Endangered by Erosion.—With reference to Mr. Garry Hogg's recent article, *Suffolk Byways*, "the sole surviving corner buttress" of All Saints Church, Dunwich, no longer stands on the cliff edge. It was removed, to forestall its falling into the sea, in March, 1943, and re-erected in the churchyard of St. James's, some half-mile inland.

St. James's Church was completed in 1832, to take the place of All Saints Church, which, owing to coastal erosion, was dismantled in 1778.—M. L. R. BARNE (Mrs.), *Sotterley Hall, Beccles, Suffolk*.

Birds Sailors See.—The Royal Naval Bird-Watching Society is anxious to hear of personal observations or published records of birds at sea. Details of the former should include date and time of observation, weather conditions, ship's position, species seen (with evidence of identification where necessary), and any relevant remarks on behaviour. Anyone willing to help should write to Major Noel A. Beal, R.M., Holnicote, Tanner's Hill, Hythe, Kent.



ROUND CHIMNEYS AT NETHER LEVENS, WESTMORLAND

See letter: Round Chimneys and the Normans

TELL ME NOT IN MOURNFUL NUMBERS

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

THAT the Grand Hotel has been sold and is in future to be some form of collegiate institution is not very exciting news for those who do not know St. Andrews, but to those who do it came as a shock. Not that it is in itself beautiful; I have indeed wished at times in my secret heart that someone would drop a bomb on it, for its flaming red matches ill with the uniform grey of the city: it is like a single modern house of vivid brick in the midst of a stone Cotswold village. Still, quite apart from its being a handy place in which to stay, it has been for a good long time now a landmark, and an institution, where it stands looking down on the home green. It has seen a good many Captains drive off at an inclement hour and a good many champions hole their last putt; it has even once seen us win the Walker Cup amid a tumult of indescribable enthusiasm. It will still be there, but its name, like that of the last laird of Ravenswood, will be "lost for evermore."

I was indulging in these mildly sentimental musings when it occurred to me that somebody, wanting to be particularly knowing, would write that it looked down on the Tom Morris hole; furthermore that by doing so he would be too knowing by half. It is true that this is the official name of the hole, to be found in guide-books to the links, and that it was solemnly so named after that famous and beloved old golfer. Yet it is a name that no one by any chance uses. It is the home or the last or the eighteenth, but Tom Morris's hole, never. Either it is an exception to prove the rule that a name sticks to a hole better than a number, or, as I think more likely, it shows that golfing names are of slow, natural growth, and cannot be arbitrarily conferred in however worthy a cause with any hope of success.

Numbers are seldom as effective as names in other and more serious walks of life. At some period of the war there came a welcome announcement that the identity of distinguished squadrons of the R.A.F. would no longer be kept secret. We were to be allowed to know at least the numbers of those that had done such splendid things. Reading by chance something written at the time, I now vaguely recall 44 and 213 as the numbers of relatively venerable squadrons, and 92 and 242 as those of illustrious newcomers. That gave me at the time a great thrill; it was something even to that extent to be able to identify our heroes; but I confess that the numbers have since passed clean from my mind, as have the numbers of certain equally heroic submarines. It would have been different with names; they would have stuck for ever. It must be admitted that when our infantry regiments had numbers, they were generally known, and some of them, such as the 5th or the 42nd or the 60th, still sound familiar in a layman's ears. Yet I cannot think that they ever had so stirring a sound, at any rate to the general public, as have the territorial titles of to-day, or such really romantic names as the Black Watch or the Green Howards. And suppose Nelson's ship had been known by a mere number and not as the *Victory*!

I am rather afraid that as regards golfing holes numbers are gaining ground and names receding in popularity. It is very sad if it is so, and I can only attribute it to the fact that people play on so many courses nowadays, flitting from flower to flower, that they have not time to learn the old names. Names arose in the times when there were few courses, and a man played nearly all his games on his home course or, if he were a much-travelled golfer, on two or three. As regards the Tom Morris hole it must be said that it is very difficult for the last hole to acquire a name; the home hole is such an obvious one. Indeed, I can think of only one that has gained and kept a name of its own, the Royal at Hoylake. It is not the last hole now, being the 17th, but it was once and had its name then. When I first went to Hoylake people used to talk of the 18th by its old name of the Stand, but I fear that only a very hoary-headed swain would do so now. I said that names are of a slow and natural

growth, and I believe that, generally speaking, this is true. The St. Andrews names are plain, simple ones which arose from natural or geographical reasons. The Heathery hole was heathery, and still is if you slice your drive. The Corner of the Dyke, the Cartgate, the Road, the Burn, the High hole and the rest refer to geographical features. Even the vanished bunker of Tam's Coo commemorated the simple fact that Thomas tethered his cow there and that imprisoned animal, walking round and round, made the bunker. The same is true of two famous names at Prestwick, the Sea Hedrig and the Goosedubs, sacred to the ploughman and the geese respectively, and the Hoylake names are essentially not fanciful but plainly descriptive, though in some cases the appositeness, such as the Stand and the Course, relics of the old days of the races, has now passed away.

On the other hand there are certain types of fancy names which will, with ordinarily good fortune, always stick to a hole. Any name suggestive of infernal torments is decidedly adhesive, witness Hell bunker at St. Andrews, and the much more modern Hades at Sandwich. Yet even so there is cause for lamentation. When I first played at Hayling Island in the last century there was a hole having a name, which I cannot pretend to spell, signifying, I was told, hell in the Burmese language. When I revisited that now fine course some years before the last war the name seemed to have vanished.

Names of mountain ranges and battles have also an unforgettable quality. Prestwick with its Himalayas and Alps is a good instance, and there is an Alps at Hoylake likewise. Here I must put in a word for Cader at Aberdovey. All the holes were solemnly named when the course was first laid out, and that is the only one that has definitely stuck. As for the battles, it is generally the reverses rather than the successes of British arms that give their names to holes. There was Majuba, for instance, at

Burnham, a formidable mountain guarding a blind green. The name has gone now because the hole has gone to make room for an admittedly better one. Then there was Bunker's Hill at the Felixstowe of my boyhood. Bunker's Hill and the Point, the 8th and 9th on the old nine-hole course, were great holes and their names were habitually used. Now the holes are gone and their names should be like those of dead kings (in *King Solomon's Mines*) not to be spoken under pain of death. I seem to remember a Spion Kop at Seacroft, the admirable course at Skegness, and there was another at Sunningdale, though I fancy the name has now faded and indeed the hole is changed. But where are our victories, our Agincourt, our Blenheim or our Waterloo? Has anyone christened a hole El Alamein?

It is the old courses, and, generally speaking, the Scottish courses, that have the names to which men are faithful. South America at Carnoustie is as famous and pleasant as any, and the Redan at North Berwick, and yet another from Prestwick, the Cardinal. As far as England is concerned Hoylake is a bright example, but, except for the Maiden and Hades and the Suez Canal at Sandwich, it has had few imitators. Our modern and admirable inland courses have produced few names. Do people still call the 15th at Woking Harley Street? I hope they do, though it has lost much of its resemblance to that famous street. What of Death and Glory at Northwood? Does that stand where it did? One shining exception to this dreary rule of numbers is the Island hole, the 6th at Ashdown Forest. That will always survive, and it provides incidentally another example of a geographical name, for the green is girt about by greedy little streams. I do not believe that it is of any avail deliberately to christen a hole. The best names have, like Topsy, "grewed." I only wish they grew more freely than they do, but modern golf does not seem to provide the congenial soil.

By MICHAEL HAWORTH-BOOTH

WARMTH FROM WOOD

FROM the time when primitive man huddled to the warmth of some smouldering remnant of a primæval forest fire to the present day, wood has been used for heating; yet surprisingly little attention has been paid to the development of effective methods for its use in this country. The log fire with its iron fireback and "dogs" ornaments many a country house and warms innumerable cottages, but the inefficiency of the system is all too obvious. Appalling draughts are usually suffered and ninety per cent. of the heat goes up the chimney. To make matters worse, the smoke often pours out into the room. Yet with a little ingenuity, all this can be remedied quite easily.

The first step is to tackle the draught problem; a wood fire needs as much air as the flue will draw, let us say the amount that is admissible by a 14-in. by 9-in. aperture. Instead of forcing the fire to suck this air from the room and, consequently, through every crack and crevice of the doors, windows and floorboards, give it an air-duct of the same size as the flue, leading from outside direct to the front of the fire. There will then be no air current in the room and you may sit draught-free before a roaring fire. By one way or another there is no difficulty in giving this air unless the fire is in the very centre of a house with many rooms. In most cases to cut through the floor to admit air from between the sleeper-walls on which the floor joists are fixed and then to put four air bricks into the outside wall is all that is needed.

The next problem to tackle is the appalling waste of heat up the chimney. There are two ways of using this heat; by air or by water. The water method is the more efficient, but the air method, which we call the "dragon's breath," is reasonably effective. The fireback gets very hot indeed and it is this heat that is conducted either back into the room, or to a room above. For the water method, the simplest way is to substitute an ordinary cast-iron wall-radiator

for the fireback and connect it to a water supply and another radiator in the room above. This is a simple plumbing operation. After some years the fire will affect the lower radiator but this is easily and cheaply replaced.

For the air method, take a branch from your air-duct by a pipe about three inches in diameter and lead it into an airtight chamber three inches wide formed behind the fireback so as to utilise its whole area. At the top of this air-heating chamber lead the now-heated air out again by a similar pipe and let it breathe out through a grille in the wall of the room above. An exhalation of hot, fresh air from outside thus warms the room. It is not usually sufficient to take the place of ordinary heating during a really cold spell, but the "dragon's breath" takes off the chill and makes the room pleasantly dry. It eliminates that depressing awareness of a sharp drop in temperature so often felt when one leaves a warm fire below to enter an unheated bedroom.

For maximum efficiency, of course, the wood-stove is far ahead of even the modified log-fire, and fortunately these are now available in attractive cream enamel, but at a price which puts them far beyond the means of cottagers, who need them most. They burn 16-in. logs and, if attention is given to making the feed-door airtight, will just last out the night on oak fuel. Such a stove will either heat a large room quite rapidly or, from such a position as the bottom of a staircase, take the chill off the air in quite a large house.

I have these wood-heating systems in use and find them highly effective, although of course the handling of wood fuel is a messy and troublesome business compared with the automatic coke furnaces of the days of peace and plenty. A return to such times seems a long way off, and it is well worth while taking the trouble to make ourselves as comfortable as we can with the fuel that is available.

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WAS LAVAL REALLY A COLLABORATOR?

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

THE Falcon Press gives us *The Unpublished Diary of Pierre Laval* (12s. 6d.), with an introduction by Laval's daughter, the Countess R. de Chambrun. The diary was begun in Fresnes prison while Laval was awaiting trial, and completed there when he must have known that his days were numbered. It is a book written in the shadow of death by a man frantically trying to justify his life, and as such it has a profound pathos. It is not a book upon which it is easy to pronounce. For myself, I abhor the witch-hunting that is one of the most loathsome features of the times we live in. We all—all—as J. L. Hodson said in a recent book, "need sending to the cleaners." And, anyway, historians will have to go

The second part of the defence is concerned with the armistice, with the decision not to move the Government to North Africa, and with the setting up of the Pétain régime. In a word, what he says here is: "I had nothing to do with all that. I was not a member of the Government that signed the armistice and made these other decisions. Still, I don't see what else the Government could have done in the face of utter military defeat. If we had moved into North Africa, the Germans would have followed us and annihilated us, and in the long run America would have had to find some other place than North Africa from which to launch her counter-attacks." (This is a rough paraphrase of the argument.)

THE UNPUBLISHED DIARY OF PIERRE LAVAL

(Falcon, 12s. 6d.)

THE MUSES' DARLING *By Charles Norman*

(Falcon, 12s. 6d.)

TEMPESTUOUS PETTICOAT *By Clare Leighton*

(Gollancz 12s. 6d.)

more deeply into the causes and the course of the war before Laval's *apologia pro vita sua* can be checked and placed in the right perspective.

The general course of his defence can be divided under three headings. To begin with, there were the years before the war, and "who, if not I", he asks, "saw the danger that was coming and did his best to avert it?" There were two ways to avert it: one, by arming; and, two, by alliances aimed at encircling Germany. If France did not arm, he claims, it was not for want of his urging. In an appendix is printed a speech he made to a secret session of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Senate in March, 1939. "In order not to look at me, Mr. Minister," he cries, "you are shifting your gaze to the tapestry behind you. How much better it would be if, in place of that tapestry, you had a map! They made fun of me when I asked for one. If you had a map in front of you, Mr. Minister, where you could see how Germany is spreading out every day, then you would understand what your duty is."

ENCIRCLING GERMANY

As for encircling Germany, this was his chief endeavour as Foreign Minister. No encirclement could have been complete, he says, without Italy, and on this ground defends the Hoare-Laval pact and the whole of his attitude to the Italian war against Abyssinia. Briefly, almost anything was worth while to keep Italy alongside France and Britain. If he worked to keep with Italy, did he not also make an agreement with Soviet Russia? It was all part of a concrete and logical policy. "It was a pastime of many of our fellow citizens to concern themselves rather with the internal régimes of other countries than with the natural frontiers of France."

Soon after this he did in fact become a member of Pétain's Government, and the Act of Accusation at the trial, to boil it down, charges him with a collaboration with the Germans so complete that he was responsible for the deaths of thousands of Frenchmen and the industrial slavery of many others.

"SABOTAGE OF NAZI EFFORT"

The third part of the defence is concerned with this aspect of the matter. The trump card here is a report from Saukel to Hitler, dated from Paris on August 9, 1943. It contains this passage concerning Germany's endeavour to raise labour in France for German factories: "After thinking the matter over calmly and coolly I must inform you that I have completely lost all faith in the honest goodwill of the French Prime Minister, Laval. His refusal amounts to pure and simple sabotage of Germany's struggle for life against Bolshevism. This time again, he has personally made the worst imaginable impression."

Laval's defence is that, things being as they were, *someone* had to stand between France and Germany, and that that someone could not help *appearing* to collaborate, must at times publicly utter words that would please the enemy, must, indeed, actually collaborate so far as this was inevitable, as anyone in that position would have found it to be; but that all this was the façade behind which it was possible to avert from France the severity of exploitation which did, in fact, fall on other occupied countries. "All other countries of Europe," he writes, "Belgium, Holland, Poland, and the rest, suffered man-power drafts totalling fifty to eighty per thousand of the population, women as well as men, while the total for France (excluding, of course, the returned prisoners) never

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exceeded thirteen per thousand, and not a single woman was drafted." This he claims, was because of the work charged against him as "collaboration."

As I say, this is a book on which historians will have to pronounce. As a piece of human reading, it is profoundly interesting.

MARLOWE THE PIONEER

I don't imagine that Christopher Marlowe is read much now except by students, though a few of his tags—"Was this the face..." and so on—have a place on everybody's lips. It is a pity, for he was a most rewarding writer. And he was not only a writer: he is, from the point of view of technique, almost the greatest figure in our literature. It is impossible to think of the works of Shakespeare, Milton and Wordsworth, to name but three, without thinking of "blank verse." Their greatest achievements seem impossible in any other medium, so that it is difficult to think of a time when "blank verse" did not exist. There may be argument as to who first used it; but there can be no argument about one thing: that it was Marlowe who first used it in such a fashion of flexibility, power and beauty that it was the inevitable instrument for the greatest sort of poetic expression during centuries to come. "After his arrival," said Swinburne, "the way was prepared, the paths were made straight, for Shakespeare." And Marlowe was dead at twenty-nine.

We know little about him, but in *The Muses' Darling* (Falcon Press, 12s. 6d.) Mr. Charles Norman skillfully uses what is known and pads it out to form a probable sketch of the poet's career.

What we do know of a certainty is that he was the son of a well-to-do Canterbury tradesman, that he attended the King's School there and went on to Cambridge, that he came to London, knew Shakespeare, wrote his plays, opened his mouth too freely, was arrested more than once in connection with violent affrays, and was stabbed to death in a Deptford tavern. We have the report of the coroner, from which it would appear that Marlowe snatched at a companion's dagger and attacked him, and that this man, defending himself, seized Marlowe's hand and drove the dagger into Marlowe's brain. But, as Mr. Norman points out, there are some fishy points about this document.

Marlowe was, so to speak, "on bail" when this affray took place. He had been before the Privy Council to answer for his religious opinions, and had been released on condition of reporting to their lordships daily.

FATAL WORDS

Marlowe had been in the habit of talking very freely about religion, and Mr. Norman says that behind his "callous and jolting quips... there rings a sceptical mind courageously arrayed against superstition and abuse." I think this is putting it too lightly. Certainly a man has a right to accept or reject what he pleases in the religious opinion of his time; but there is no doubt that some of Marlowe's recorded words are grossly offensive to any sort of religious opinion—even to common decency—at any time. There are such things as courtesy and consideration for other people's opinions even in the expression of one's most violent dissent from them; but Marlowe appears not to have accepted this. We may put it to the credit of his courage, or deplore it as a consequence of his foolhardiness,

that he said what he did at a time when it could cost him his life to say it. In any case, it is not for any of this that Marlowe will be remembered, but as that rare sort of pioneer, the man who can both build the road and put mighty edifices upon it.

DAYS OF THE FEUILLETON

In the days when newspapers ran that now out-moded feature the *feuilleton* there was one name that stood pre-eminent among the purveyors of this melodramatic drivel, and that was Marie Connor Leighton, who, with her husband, Robert Leighton, was the author of the celebrated *Convict 99*. Robert Leighton thereafter devoted himself to writing books for boys, and his wife went ahead filling the bill for Northcliffe, sometimes having three serials running simultaneously.

Her daughter is Clare Leighton, the artist, and in *Tempestuous Petticoat* (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.) she tells the story of her mother's life and of the household in which that life and that work were the main considerations. It makes a fascinating book, a brilliant portrait of an indefatigable, courageous woman, a philistine and a snob.

It begins in a big house in St. John's Wood, maintained, with a considerable staff of servants, by an incessant daily grinding out of rubbish. It moves to a fantastic country house on the east coast, and peters out, when World War I killed the demand for that sort of writing, in a series of humbler and humbler homes.

But though the family fortune petered out, Mrs. Leighton didn't. She remains her dominant, flamboyant self through it all, aware of, and consciously exercising, her power over men even to the end.

It is a ruthless but affectionate and above all intensely lively portrait—indeed, a gallery of portraits, for Miss Leighton has more of the novelist in her than her mother ever had.

FIELD AND HEDGEROW

TWO charming books published recently by the Lutterworth Press, both with attractive scraper-board illustrations by Stanley Herbert, are *The Year in the Countryside*, by Frances Pitt (10s. 6d.) and *The World of Living Green*, by Kathleen Madge (8s. 6d.). Miss Pitt recalls from her wealth of knowledge the aspect of the countryside and the doings of its beasts and birds month by month. Miss Madge is concerned with flowers and deals first with their place in Nature and then with the part they play in legend, story and poetry and as the vehicles of magic and witchcraft.

The Lutterworth Press has also issued, at 10s. 6d., *The Life of the Fields*, the first of a new edition of the works of Richard Jefferies, the centenary of whose birth falls this year. Mr. Samuel J. Looker contributes an introduction and biographical and other notes. The wood engravings by Agnes Miller Parker are an agreeable complement to the text. J. K. A.

THROUGH ARAB LANDS

RICHARD GOOLD-ADAMS'S *Middle East Journey* (John Murray, 15s.) is a description of the Arab countries of the Middle East as they appeared to a British officer serving there during the war. His history is somewhat sketchy and in dealing with modern conditions and trends he leaves the impression that he has not looked far below the surface. On the other hand, as a pleasantly discursive and agreeably illustrated account of life from Libya to Iran, and of visits to such romantic places as Babylon, Nineveh and Baghdad, the book has merit.

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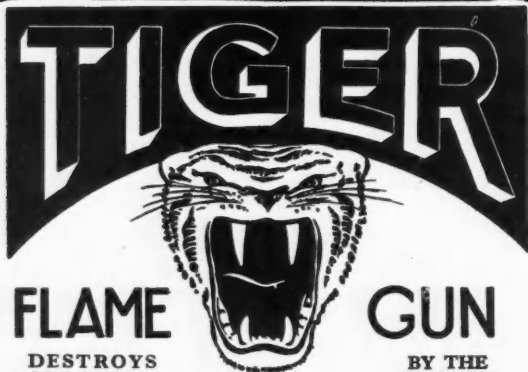
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FARMING NOTES

FARM SUBSIDY FANTASIES

I AM perhaps prejudiced against all farm subsidies because I believe that a fair price for the finished product is the only basis on which British farmers can carry on in a self-respecting way. Still, I hope that the Ministry of Agriculture's plans for carrying out the new calf-rearing subsidy will achieve their purpose. This is, of course, to get more calves saved from slaughter for veal by offering a subsidy at the rate of £4 for steer and £3 for heifer calves to the owner when the calf is at least nine months old. We shall not know until September, when the first calves are to be examined for subsidy purposes, how the scheme will work out in practice. The Ministry have already made it plain that purebred steer calves of the extreme dairy types, such as the Channel Islands breeds, will not be regarded as eligible save in exceptional circumstances. Whoever would have thought that they should qualify? When the time comes, calf owners will make application, of course on the appropriate form, to the county agricultural executive committee, and when required they must allow the calves to be inspected and marked by the certifying officer. This will normally be done on the farm, and calves that earn the subsidy will be marked with a small triangular hole punched in the right ear. It will be £4 a punch for the steer calves and £3 for the heifer calves. Farmers are warned not to put any mark in the right ear at an earlier age which might be confused with the official mark. If a calf damages its right ear, then the C.A.E.C. should be notified as soon as possible after the damage has been done. One of my Jersey heifers, when a calf, had its right ear bitten by a sow in a rough-and-tumble in the paddock. If this had happened in these well-regulated days, I should, of course, have had to notify the committee on the prescribed form or else forfeit the £3. This scheme will undoubtedly involve the committee staffs in more paper work and there will be, too, considerable expenditure of petrol in running round to every smallholding where a calf is being reared. However, as I say, we must hope that it produces results. In these days, steer calves of the dual-purpose breeds, and particularly the ordinary commercial Shorthorn, are worth rearing if we mean to increase the output of beef in the next few years.

Lime Payments

SCOTLAND is to get more out of the Land Fertility (Research) Fund because she has not established a National Agricultural Advisory Service. There is £51,000 lying in the balance of this fund, which was built up by contributions from suppliers of lime and farmers who used lime. Now the N.A.A.S. provides free technical advice and instruction on all agricultural matters in England and Wales, including the use of lime. But in Scotland and Northern Ireland the cost of advisory and local investigation work will still be made out of this fund. No more contributions are being collected from suppliers or users of lime. This arrangement does not, of course, affect the agricultural lime subsidy, which the Government pays as before.

Scottish Pride

SIR PATRICK LAIRD, when he opened the first of the artificial insemination stations in Scotland, reminded the farmers of Dumfriesshire that England already had 19 centres with as many sub-centres and that the greater part of England now had access to an A.I. service. "But," said Sir Patrick, "I have no doubt

that, true to its tradition as a pre-eminent stock-rearing country, Scotland will before long be in the forefront of artificial insemination development." Scotland comes late into this field, owing to persisting fear north of the Border that artificial insemination would lead ultimately to a concentration on a dangerously small number of sires. This might happen ultimately, but, if the experience of Denmark be any guide, the probability should not be a serious deterrent. In Denmark, where artificial insemination has been in operation in 20 centres for 12 years, the number of bulls has decreased by nearly a quarter, but there are still 50,000 to choose from. Scotland has found a good area in Dumfriesshire to establish its first A.I. centre. Within 15 miles of Hoddum Castle, Lockerbie, the site of this enterprise, there are no fewer than 55,000 cattle, of which 43,000 are classified as dairy stock. For a start, there are to be three Ayrshire bulls. No doubt the local committee have taken care to see that they are extra good ones, fit to take their part in raising yields still higher in this pre-eminent milk district.

Sugar Research

FARMERS are sometimes criticised for not doing more themselves in the way of research and investigations into their problems. So I draw attention here to the Research and Education Fund run by the British Sugar Industry. Last year growers of sugar-beet contributed £9,421 in the form of a levy on beet delivered to the factories, and the British Sugar Corporation on behalf of the factories contributed a like amount. On the expenditure side nearly £14,000 was given in grants to research institutions, such as the Cambridge School of Agriculture, the Norfolk Agricultural Station, the Rothamsted Experimental Station and the School of Agriculture at Nottingham University and a further £900 was used for education. Another £2,700 was used for publicity. Thus, one section at least of British agriculture is financing from its own resources the cost of a research and education programme. It would be interesting to see statements of the comparable amounts spent by the Milk Marketing Board on behalf of dairy farmers.

Spare Parts

FROM the local firm of agricultural engineers, I hear that spare parts are now beginning to come through more promptly. At this time last year there was no sign of replacement of the wearing parts of binders and none came through until July. So it was with relief that the agent opened a parcel from the makers last week containing two or three parts that were really spare, that is in excess of what he needed immediately to repair binders in the workshop. Manufacturers have been asked to give absolute priority to spare parts and to let dealers lay in modest stocks of parts in greatest use. There are still trouble and long delay in getting imported parts, but we have the assurance of the Minister of Agriculture that a full provision of dollars is made for all spare parts required for Canadian and United States machinery. The North American farmer has also been held up for spares and we have to take our share of what is available. Happily, American farmers, as well as British farmers, have been speaking their minds, and manufacturers everywhere should now realise that more spare parts for existing machines are just as essential as more new machines.

CINCINNATUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

SALE OF THE SWISS COTTAGE TAVERN

THE days of the stage-coach and highwaymen are recalled by the sale, for £176,000, of the Swiss Cottage Tavern, Hampstead, N.W. When the inn was built, about 1840, on the corner of what are now Finchley Road and Avenue Road, it stood among open fields, and its isolated position at the junction of two turnpike roads leading into London was responsible for its use as a posting-house by the early stage-coaches. It was from here that the "Atlas" omnibuses ran a non-stop service to the City for 6d., with an additional charge of 3d. for a seat near the driver.

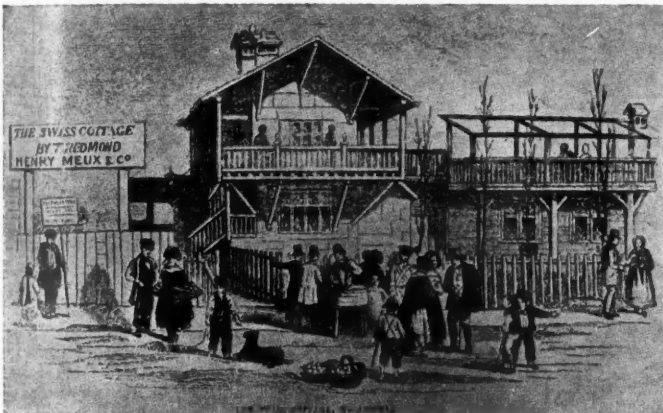
The first landlord was named Redmond or Redman, a prize-fighter, and it is believed that he bought the property for about £700. An Act of 1835 had declared bull-baiting and dog-fighting to be illegal, but Redmond continued to stage them privately, and the tavern was much frequented by the sporting gentry of the day.

The property was sold by auction by Messrs. Freuret, Haxell, Marks and Barley.

believed that the art of making the dyes for these garments was learned from the survivors of the Spanish vessel *El Gran Grifon* which was wrecked off the coast at the time of the Armada. Mr. Waterston is no stranger to Fair Isle, for it is now some years since he rented the large house on the island for conversion into the headquarters of the bird migration station he is establishing there. In a recent letter to *The Times* he stated that his principal aim was to assist in maintaining a virile, happy and industrious community there. He pressed for the introduction of air transport communication with the mainland, particularly an air ambulance. The sale was effected by Messrs. Walker, Fraser and Steele, of Edinburgh.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE CHANGES HANDS

BY the acquisition of almost the entire Ordinary share capital of Lansdowne House (Berkeley Square) Ltd., Land Securities Investment Trust have become the new owners of the



THE SWISS COTTAGE, HAMPSTEAD, 1845

Old Friars, Richmond Green, which stands on ground that was once the site of the Convent of the Observant Friars founded by Henry VII in 1499, is offered for sale by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. The house, which was built in 1687, is of mellowed brick and includes some of the best features of the Queen Anne and Georgian periods. The original pine panelling is well preserved.

Mr. Christopher Hussey, writing of Old Friars (*COUNTRY LIFE*, April 21, 1944), mentions that some authorities regard it as having been frequented by members of White's Club, and quotes from a letter written by Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann in June, 1749: "As I passed over the Green I saw Lord Bath, Lord Lonsdale, and half a dozen more of White's Club, sauntering at the door of a house they have taken there, and come to every Saturday and Sunday, to play at whist. It is so established a fashion to go out of Town at the end of the week that people do go, although it be only into another town."

An alternative theory is that it was designed as a theatre, with stage and auditorium upstairs and dressing-rooms below.

FAIR ISLE BOUGHT BY ORNITHOLOGIST

FAIR ISLE, midway between Shetland and Orkney, which has been sold to Mr. George Waterston, one of Scotland's leading ornithologists, is perhaps best known for the multi-coloured woollen jerseys and knitted hosiery which bear its name. It is be-

lieved that the art of making the dyes for these garments was learned from the survivors of the Spanish vessel *El Gran Grifon* which was wrecked off the coast at the time of the Armada. Mr. Waterston is no stranger to Fair Isle, for it is now some years since he rented the large house on the island for conversion into the headquarters of the bird migration station he is establishing there. In a recent letter to *The Times* he stated that his principal aim was to assist in maintaining a virile, happy and industrious community there. He pressed for the introduction of air transport communication with the mainland, particularly an air ambulance. The sale was effected by Messrs. Walker, Fraser and Steele, of Edinburgh.

The sale of Bishopsgate, Englefield Green, Surrey, is announced by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The house, which stands in nearly six acres on the edge of Windsor Great Park, was for many years the home of Lord Marcus Beresford, who will be

For nearly 30 years Arbiter has contributed these notes to *Country Life*. With last week's issue he ceased his active connection with the paper, but we are glad to say that his services will still be available in an advisory capacity. The best wishes of his colleagues, and, we are sure, of many readers, will accompany him into his partial retirement, and we wish to record our deep appreciation of his long and faithful service.—Ed. "C.L."

remembered for the great influence he exercised on the Turf in his dual capacity of Manager of Edward VII's racing interests and Starter to the Jockey Club.

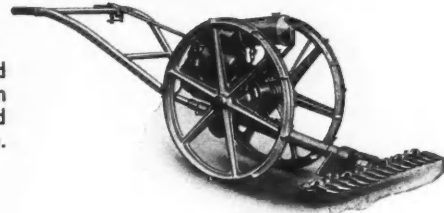
OBITUARY

I announce with regret the death of Mr. A. MacKellar Laird, the Scottish partner of Messrs. John D. Wood and Co.

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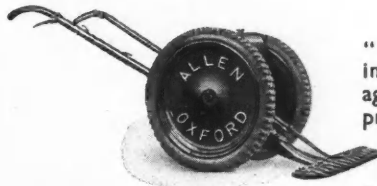
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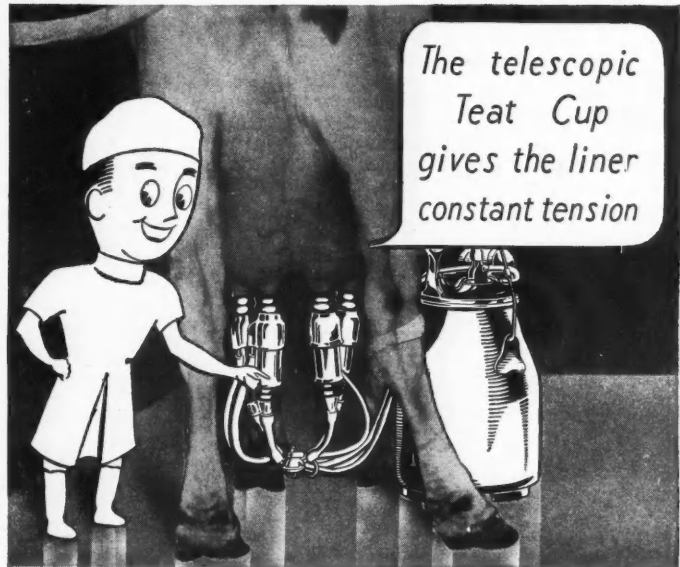
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White Hats

IN THE LONDON COLLECTIONS

THE clothes shown in London to buyers from abroad give first and foremost an impression of the yards and yards of material used in their making. Skirts are sectioned like parachutes with hemlines as wide as an exhibition dancer's and often end a bare twelve inches from the ground. Coats are as voluminous as tents with folds at the back that belled out the hemlines even when the mannequins walked in the constricted space of the salons; in a wind they look as though they might carry one away. Vast, pleated skirts are intricately stitched and honeycombed to make a pattern over the hips and release the fullness below or are doubly pleated so that the second layer of small hidden underpleats is shown in movement. They are taped and notched underneath to keep slim hips. Nylons, rayons and woollens, featherweight and pliable in texture, have been woven on especially wide looms for these clothes. Hartnell shows one enveloping scarlet coat that is made without a seam and pleated in graduated segments from slim shoulders to the immensely wide hem.

Fortunately for those in this country with coupons to reckon with, there is a slender silhouette as well, and it appears on some of the most distinguished of the clothes. Tailor-mades look best when they are tailored and many of the smartest suits and coat-frocks are as slender as reeds. Victor Stiebel, Hartnell, Molyneux and Bianca Mosca all show splendid suits and they do it without any undue extravagance in material, keeping the outline slim, the skirts from twelve to fourteen inches from the ground. Bianca Mosca's svelte grey flannel shows all the details that go to make the prevailing silhouette—the slender waist, sloping shoulders, curving hips, with a slim straight skirt and a jacket that ends on the hipbone. She gets the effect by clever seaming and balance.

Hartnell shows a beautiful navy suit with flared basque, circular pockets and a slim waist. A greenish yellow tweed has a skirt that flares out gently from hip level by narrow triangular gores that taper to a point on the hips and are enclosed by stitched pleats. This is tailoring done to perfection. Victor Stiebel's pencil-slim skirts are thrown up by jackets with flaring



Shady white plaited straw.
Molyneux



peplums below the tiny waists. Molyneux box-pleats the skirts, curves and pads his jackets below the waistline and makes them shorter than last season. Digby Morton shows a splendid beige linen suit with big pockets, a medium skirt, slim shoulders—all the emphasis in fact, removed from the shoulders to below the waist. These suits have the authentic English handwriting and they set the styles for the tailor-mades.

The afternoon suit is the belle of the season and is shown by each designer in rich cloque and brocaded silks, in moiré, pout and faille, in Victorian colours—Prussian blue, ultramarine, peacock green, coppery browns and dove grey and black. Here the silhouette with tight, nipped waist and full, near-ankle-length skirt reached its zenith at the displays.

The suits were worn over tightly laced five-inch corsets, flounced taffeta or lacy white petticoats with padding on the hips and bosoms. With them went Victorian accessories—flowered bonnets, demure ankle-bone booties, short fancy gloves, lace mittens, jet buttons or Victorian bobble embroidery, and the mannequins carried Victorian reticules in their hands.

Hartnell introduces the pagoda silhouette on a gleaming white satin evening dress called Fantail, bordering the pagoda basque with a narrow band of sparkling strass with more on the hem of the slender skirt that fans out at the back, where it is stiffened and gored. The same line appears on a check grey and white woollen suit; also on a navy and white. The suits in this collection are superb; so are the evening dresses. A wide-skirted white satin is hand-painted with bouquets of full-blown red and pink roses; a black satin with a bare-shouldered décolletage

(Continued on page 398)



A frill of white grosgrain with the top cut out of the crown, shown with a grey
Hartnell suit

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(Left) White straw boater and white roses worn dead straight. Molyneux

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black gloves are worn and the cowl back can be worn over the hair, sari-fashion. A copper-coloured slipper satin shows off the washerwoman's silhouette with a skirt that is tucked up round the hips and a high plain bodice encrusted with gold sequins in a Jacobean tapestry design. A filmy white chiffon is exquisite with its cowl falling to the hips at the back, a skirt that trails on the ground and a deep spark-

(Left) Pearl choker and black antelope gloves with sequined bows instead of gauntlets. Wallace

framed in pearl lace shows a tight boned bodice above a wide skirt; a panniered grey-green tulle has immense ruched whirls on the skirt; a pink spotted muslin is veiled in blue; a lichen green satin is embossed with white sequin lilac on the strapless bodice and bolero. Hartnell shows the short-skirted evening dress in black satin, the full circular skirt wired over the hips with a hem of sparkling jet.

VICTOR STIEBEL at Jacqmar introduces the "washerwoman's" silhouette, looping the skirts up either side or both short and long. Two of his loveliest evening dresses show a definite reaction to the very décolleté bodices of the last few seasons. They are crossed over right up to the base of the throat with a double-row dog-collar of brilliants resting on the topmost fold, so that no bare skin shows at all. They look very smart and very new and are made in limp fabrics—white and gold Indian lamé and a black crêpe where one is dramatically hidden away in black to the sparkling choker, for long

(Right) Norman Hartnell showed black satin buttoned booties with his afternoon suits


ling band of diamanté for a bodice. Short-skirted evening dresses are shown in stiff magnificent silks—coppery brown slipper satin with a bib embroidered with jet icicles set in a cowl, and a peacock blue embossed silk. Skirts are short enough to show off a pretty ankle; meant to be worn with the narrow strapped sandals that lace up the leg.

Jacqmar prints used by Stiebel are slim skirted as well as full, with skirts verging on twelve inches from the ground. Carnations in black

are strewn casually all over a golden ground, white moths flutter against the subtle pinkish grey that appears for many of the afternoon clothes; magnified wool graining on muted grounds in three variations of colour makes a slim dress and short basqued jacket.

In the collections the Victorian colours stand out by their richness. Black is used for afternoon suits in rich silks, and there is a great deal of grey and white and black and white for dice-checked woollen and rayon suits that recall Miss Prism in *The Importance of Being Ernest*. Grey often combines with flesh pink or lime yellow for prints. Navy and white is shown for the coat-frock, which has been revived with resounding success. White summer coats stand out. Black at night looks smartest when both ankles and shoulders show and is usually encrusted with jet or strass. Half the hats are white.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.

MINTON

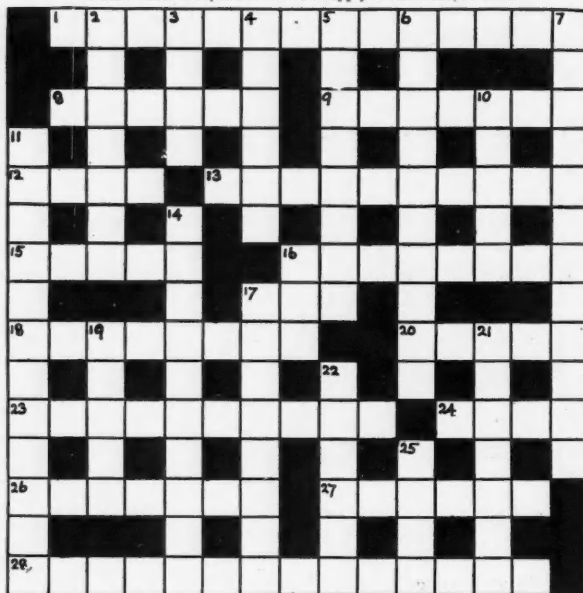
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CROSSWORD No. 941

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 941, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on the morning of Thursday, February 26, 1948.

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name
(Mr., Mrs., etc.)
Address

SOLUTION TO No. 940. The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of February 13, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1, Flemish; 4, Sparrow; 9, Genealogies; 11, Trot; 12, Laid; 13, Envelop; 15, Nodule; 16, Gave in; 19, Enigma; 20, Gladys; 23, Eroded; 26, Panama; 27, Senegal; 28, Legs; 30, Scum; 31, Hammersmith; 32, Stately; 33, Prophet. DOWN.—1 and 21, Fortune-tellers; 2, Meet; 3, Sterne; 5, Pugdog; 6, Reel; 7 and 22, Wedding garment; 8 and 25, Ellen Terry; 9, Golden bough; 10, Safety match; 13, Elegies; 14, Palatal; 17 and 18, Damage; 24, Dermal; 26, Palmer; 29, Salt; 30, Step.

ACROSS

1. The results of their work should be transparently obvious (6, 8)
8. Stone face (6)
9. At a fair (anagr.) (7)
12. Its inhabitants may naturally be 2 down (4)
13. Woman's first form of air transport (10)
15. Not to be hurried musically (5)
16. Admirable man (8)
17. No good either way (3)
18. *Raison d'être* of the Schneider Cup Trophy award (3, 5)
20. The effect of a strike is altogether paralysing (1, 4)
23. One kind of embellishment (10)
24. African tribesman (4)
26. "Backward the — blind she flung
"And leaned upon the balcony."
—Tennyson (7)
27. Low (6)
28. It is in full working order even while being rebuilt (5, 2, 7)

DOWN

2. This outlook has the sea for its horizon (7)
3. What the life of a 7 down cannot be (4)
4. Bellicose noise (6)
5. Alias port (8)
6. A coin! Tails! (anagr.) (10)
7. If the car is to go this must be lively (8, 4)
10. How the infant I looked when sickly (5)
11. But a good one means no doctor's fees (4, 2, 6)
14. A middle course is the solution (10)
16. Cow-grass, perhaps, at a later stage (3)
17. "If I were a — thou mightest bear;
"If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee."
—Shelley (4, 4)
19. Potato upheaval? That is easy to disprove (5)
21. In another form it puts the lie on us (7)
22. *The Last Supper* of Leonardo, for instance (6)
25. Upset the auction room when taking it (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 939 is
Mrs. V. Newton Moss,

5, Grosvenor Gardens,
St. Leonard's-on-Sea,

SUSSEX.

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